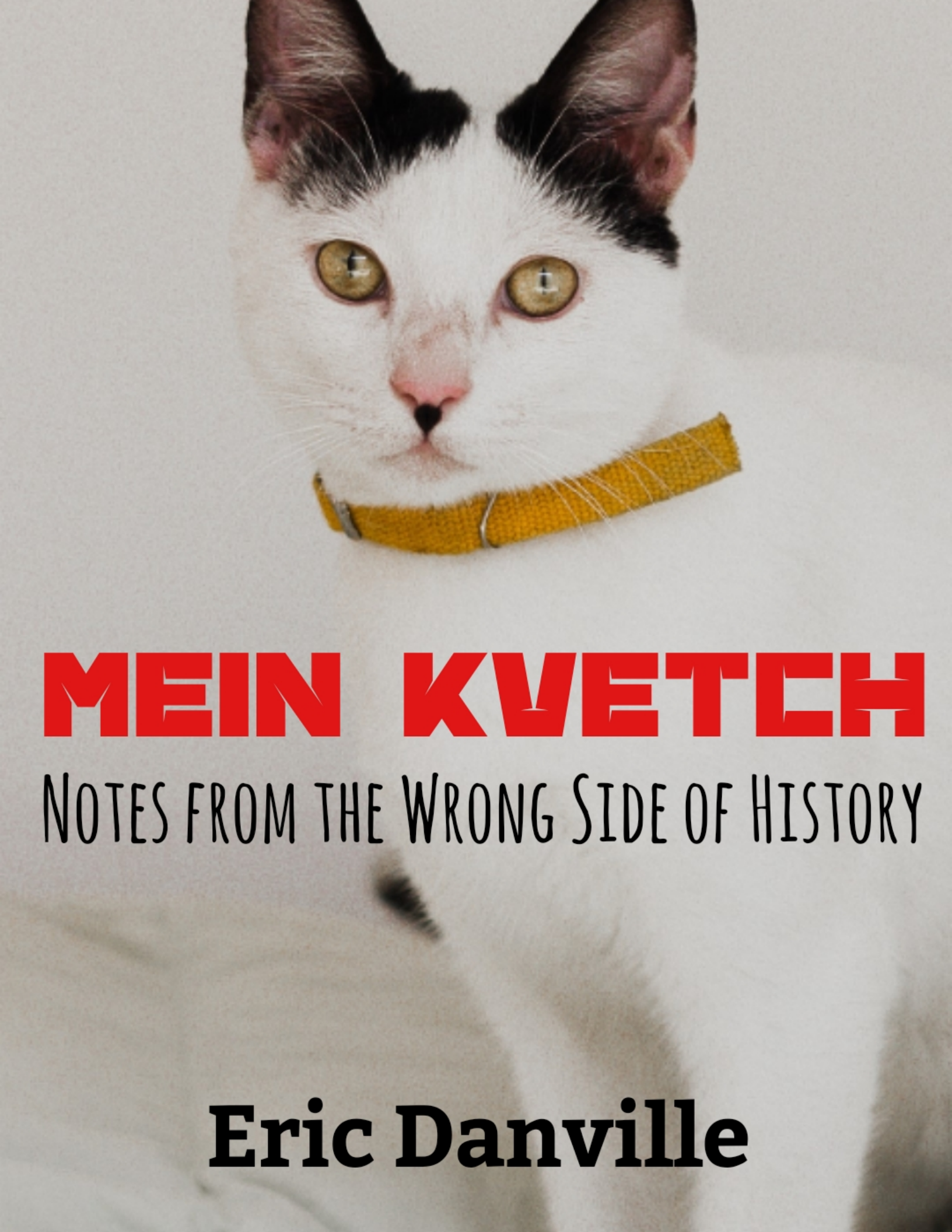

MEIN KVETCH

Notes from the Wrong Side of History

Eric Danville

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by Eric Danville

Red underlined phrases link to different parts of the text or to websites for further information on topics discussed within.

***Mein Kvetch* is available free of charge, but if you like what you read, feel free to buy me a beer.**

The fine print

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contents

Contents

Author's Note

Dedication

Volume One: Collected Works, 1998 - 2021

Listen and Believe
previously unpublished sketch comedy CD script, 2021

Amy, Amy, Amy
***Filthy Media**, January 2016*

A No-Bullshit Guide to Celebrity Sex Tapes
***Filthy Media**, January 2016*

Passion Is a Fashion
***Filthy Media**, January 2016*

The Naked Truth Behind PETA
***Penthouse Forum**, March 2002*

The Three Stages of Reefer Madness
***Emerald magazine**, November 2018*

Smoke the Toilet: The High Comedy of Lenny Bruce
***Stoned Age magazine**, April 2018*

Al Goldstein's Dating Tips
***Penthouse Forum**, November 1998 (ghostwritten for Al Goldstein)*

Mastering the Post-Blowjob Kiss
***Penthouse Forum**, December 1998 (ghostwritten for Al Goldstein)*

How to Hire a Hooker
***Penthouse Forum**, January 1999 (ghostwritten for Al Goldstein)*

Al Goldstein, Jew, Dead at 77
***Personal blog**, December 20, 2013*

The Eyes of Al Goldstein
***The Shadow**, 2014*

Behind the Green Door (aka The Abduction of Gloria)
Mash-up of '50s-era classic erotica and original material by Eric Danville, 2021

Volume Two: Interviews and Profiles, 2003 - 2008

Cynthia Plaster Caster
***Penthouse Forum**, April 2004*
"I get a crotch feeling from hearing a catchy tune!"

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders
***Penthouse Forum**, January 2005*
"It's no different shooting a porn star than shooting a Supreme Court justice."

Bill Plympton
***Penthouse Forum**, January 2003*
"Back in school I was doing sexy cartoons of classmates and getting in trouble for it."

Niagara
***Penthouse Forum**, May 2004*
"To have an 'all-female' show, it's like having an 'all-poodle' show."

Andrea True
***Penthouse Forum**, December 2004*
"I never did anything on screen that I didn't approve of sexually."

Dian Hanson
***Penthouse Forum**, June 2002*
"When people wear rubber in America, that's just fashion."

Mason
***Penthouse Forum**, October 2003*
"In my scenes where men are dominant with women, the women 'aggressively submit.' "

Sasha Grey: "I Think Therefore IM"
***The Girls of Penthouse**, May/June 2008*
"I am not a victim. I am not on drugs. The acts I perform are always consensual."

Stormy
***Penthouse Forum**, January 2004*
"I have scenes that I wish I hadn't done. But if I didn't like my job, I wouldn't do it."

Stormy Daniels, If You Please
***The Girls of Penthouse**, September/October 2007*
"I was the ugly duckling. I got picked on because we didn't have money. It was painful."

Jamie Kennedy: "The Joke's On You"
***Penthouse Forum**, October 2008*
"At the end of the day, everybody wants to be famous. They just want to be cool."

Malcolm McDowell
***The Girls of Penthouse**, November/December 2007*
"Bob Guccione was sort of an insecure person, and rather a tragic figure."

Author's Note

This is where I'm supposed to reflect on the creative process or share some fascinating insight about how this book came to be. But writers aren't the most fascinating people in the world despite what they tell you, so I'll let *Mein Kvetch* speak for itself. If you enjoy it, great. If not, you get what you pay for.

Eric Danville
New York City
May 2022

contents **next**

For Victoria, still the best thing that ever happened to me.

previous **contents** **next**

Volume One: Collected Works, 1998 - 2021

Listen and Believe

NOTE: Announcer is female throughout, unless otherwise indicated.

SFX: Sixties-style instrumental stripper background music.

ANNOUNCER: *(sexy)* Warning: This CD contains jokes about recreational drug use, divorce, threesomes, rape (statutory and legitimate), feminism, death, hippies, racial fetishism, sexual bigotry, grammar, political correctness, menstruation, and more. Something on this CD *will* offend you, so turn it off now or don't complain.

SFX: Sixties-style instrumental stripper background music fades out.

PRODUCER: And we're back in five, four, three, two.

SFX: Reggae music, chatter, and smoking dope in the studio.

HOST: *(stoned)* Welcome back, buds and budettes. This is *Dealing With Dope*, and I'm your host, yeah, ready to take your calls *Dealing With Dope*! Next bud or budette, what's your first name and, like, what's *your* problem?

BOBBY: Hey, it's Bobby. Long-time stoner, first-time caller. Dude, check this out. I started a grow operation in my bathroom, and it's gettin' to be a drag.

HOST: What's happenin', bro?

BOBBY: I noticed my plants have growth spurts right after I take a shower.

HOST: Sounds righteous to me.

BOBBY: Yeah, but now I'm showering in a twelve-hour on/twelve-hour off cycle, and I don't know if I can keep it up until harvest time. My skin's pruny as hell, my water bill's outta control, and my supervisor's pissed I'm missing so much work at the day-care center. Whaddoo I do, dude?

HOST: Obviously the most important thing is to see out your crop until harvest, then just be glad you weren't experimenting with human fertilizer. Next caller, we're *Dealing With Dope*. I'm your host, right? What's your first name and your question?

ERIC: Eric, I'm hi. Told me a joints about inside-out friend. Roll are than how do one, are what they joints and better regular they you? Thanks!

HOST: Good questions. An inside-out joint is also called a Dutch joint. Some like 'em 'cuz they use less paper. To roll one, hold your paper glue side out and grip the bottom. Fold it in half, fill it with weed, roll it like a regular joint, but get the glue under the weed. Lick the glue through the paper, burn off the rest and that's it. Or you could use a pipe. Next caller, first name and question, please.

JAKE: Yeah, it's Jake.

HOST: What can I do for you, holmes?

JAKE: Can I get one large pizza with pepperoni and sausage, one large pizza with just plain cheese, cinnamon crusty bites, and a two-liter cola? Send it to 284 Lincoln. I'll pay you then.

HOST: I think you have the wrong number, friend. Next caller, first name and—

MOONCUP: Uhhh, my name is Mooncup. I'm a ganjafluid, bongsexual sativakin, and I'm right-handed but identify as ambidextrous. Have I told you how triggered I am by the whole stoner patriarchy?

HOST: Well, I'm sure that—

MOONCUP: You know why they call it a "joint"? Cuz it looks like a stonerboi's thin, white needledick. Ha!

HOST: Well, "joint" is actually slang for an opium den, dating back to the nineteenth century, and—

MOONCUP: And don't get me started on vape culture. A guy brings a girl home for a little puff and pass then he just *pulls out the vapestick*, because she wouldn't be there if she didn't want it, right? Am I right, ladies? Real men don't vape! Real men don't—

HOST: Mooncup, we have to take our next caller, sorry.

MOONCUP: You *should* be sorry. Your apology will be on my Tumblr in ten minutes, pig. *(sweetly)* You can find me online at—

HOST: And who's our next caller?

JAKE: Yo, dude, it's Jake. Where's my pizza, man? I called like an hour ago and dude isn't here yet. I'm fuckin' hungry, bro, whatsa deal?

HOST: The deal is that's all we have time for on *Dealing With Dope*. I'm your host, you know? Join us tomorrow sometime, when we'll be back right here, *Dealing With Dope*. Now let's go pay some bills.

SFX: Stoner music and people getting high in the studio as at beginning, fades out.

ANNOUNCER: Have you been raped, or something like it? Don't trust your friends, family, or followers to believe you? Are you sure the police will lose your evidence, if they bother to process it at all? Take the he said/she said out of sexual assault with the Acme Home Rape Kit! Discreet and reliable, each kit comes with enough swabs, forms, and red tape for up to ten assaults. But don't take our word for it, even though you should. *Listen* to these totally uncoached, unrehearsed testimonials *(beat)* and *believe*.

WOMAN ONE: *(upbeat)* Whenever I'm raped, I make sure my Acme Home Rape Kit is right where my gun should have been!

WOMAN TWO: *(upbeat)* The Acme Home Rape Kit makes every victim feel special!

WOMAN THREE: *(uncontrollable sobbing)*

ANNOUNCER: Don't let your next rape catch you unprepared. Get the Acme Home Rape Kit and never let them doubt you again. Because you *are* telling the truth. *(beat)* Aren't you?

SFX: Hand slaps on table.

MISTER CARLYLE: Mister Johnson!

JOHNSON: Whoa, s'up, Teach? I was just—

MISTER CARLYLE: Mister Johnson, take those earbuds out, turn that phone off, and pay attention! Okay, class, today's lesson is Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity. I'm sure everyone's read the assignment?

SFX: Crickets chirping.

MISTER CARLYLE: Of course. So, what is Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity? Luther?

LUTHER: An object going through space, uh, feels time different as it goes as fast as, uh, light goes?

MISTER CARLYLE: Atta girl, kinda. What happens when an object traveling through space approaches the speed of light? Johnson!

SFX: Crickets chirping, followed by fast, loud drumming on a school desk.

MISTER CARLYLE: Johnson, I told you to turn that phone off! Give me those earbuds!

SFX: Led Zeppelin-ish guitar riffing coming through tiny, tinny speakers.

MISTER CARLYLE: Led Zeppelin, Johnson? You have better taste than I thought.

JOHNSON: I love Zep, man! Jimmy Page is awesome! *(imitates electric guitar)*
MISTER CARLYLE: You like Jimmy Page? *(pause)* Okay. Ever hear of Lori Mattix?
JOHNSON: '70s groupie chick. Saw her on VH-One Classic. That girl is ja-a-a-a-il ba-a-a-ait! *(laughs)*
MISTER CARLYLE: You're correct. In 1972, twenty-eight-year-old James Patrick Page of the rock band Led Zeppelin was *involved* with a groupie chi— uh, a *young lady* named Lori Mattix, who was, what do you people say, *literally* half his age.
SFX: Hoots and hollers from class.
MISTER CARLYLE: What happened when their affair became a little, what's the word? Problematic?
JOHNSON: Peter Grant locked her in a hotel room for two years so no one'd find her.
MISTER CARLYLE: Correct. But that's reckless, dangerous, and not very cost-efficient. How could Peter Grant have used Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity to solve the problem? Stein!
STEIN: Beat the shit out of her with a baseball bat?
MISTER CARLYLE: No, no, no. Time slows down the more an object approaches the speed of light. A-a-a-and?
LUTHER: Shoot Jimmy Page into space at the speed of light so he won't get old!
MISTER CARLYLE: The result being?
STEIN: Lori Mattix would be legal when he got back.
MISTER CARLYLE: Exactly! So how far into space would Peter Grant *(beat)* have to shoot Jimmy Page *(beat)* at the speed of light *(beat)* so Lori Mattix is legal *(beat)* when Jimmy comes back down to Earth?
STEIN: The speed of light is one-hundred eighty six thousand miles per second—
MISTER CARLYLE: A light year is a measure of distance, not time.
JOHNSON: The age of consent in California in 1972 was eighteen, so four light years.
LUTHER: Divided by two, 'cuz it's round-trip.
MISTER CARLYLE: And? Stein! Send me back to schoolin'!
STEIN: One-hundred eighty six thousand miles a second for the speed of light—
MISTER CARLYLE: That's the way! *(getting excited)* Johnson! Bring it on home!
JOHNSON: Times thirty-one million seconds a year for four years—

MISTER CARLYLE: Luther! How many more times?

LUTHER: Divided by two, 'cuz it's round trip.

MISTER CARLYLE: *(reaching peak excitement)* Hot dog! And that's how much?

JOHNSON/ LUTHER/ STEIN: *(together)* Twelve-trillion miles!

MISTER CARLYLE: *(relaxing)* Tha-a-a-ank you. *(returns to normal)* So, having locked Lori Mattix in the Riot House for four years, Jimmy Page would have to travel twenty-four trillion miles through space at the speed of light—

LUTHER: Divided by two, 'cuz it's round trip.

MISTER CARLYLE: Divided by two 'cuz it's round trip, yes, all thanks to Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity. Any questions?

JOHNSON: How much would Jimmy Page's violin bow weigh in a vacuum?

LUTHER: Can Page play a guitar solo so long that even *he* can't stand it?

STEIN: Didn't he steal the intro to "Stairway to Heaven" from Spirit?

SFX: School bell rings.

MISTER CARLYLE: Apparently not. Class dismissed!

SFX: Chairs moving, papers shuffling, footsteps as they leave the class. Fades out.

ANNOUNCER: Later that evening.

SFX: Traffic sounds.

MISTER CARLYLE: I'm gonna ask her tonight. Nervous, but excited. She's gotta know our sex life isn't great, and a threesome should really spice things up, right? *(pause)* Larry, stop. I don't know about another guy the first time out. Keep your briefs in divorce court, man. *(laughs)* Okay, I gotta go, I'm pulling in now. As soon as I know. Bye.

SFX: Tires slowing down on a gravel driveway. An electric garage door opening.

MRS. CARLYLE: I'm gonna ask him tonight. Excited, but nervous. He's gotta know our relationship isn't great and a divorce is really the only way to go. *(pause)* Shhhh. I know exactly what you're gonna say, and I agree completely. Okay, thanks for listening, Ma. Look, I gotta go, he's in the garage. *(pause)* As soon as I know. Love you, too. Bye.

SFX: Door opening. Footsteps.

MRS. CARLYLE: Hi, baby.

MISTER CARLYLE: Hey, hon.

SFX: A quick kiss.

MRS. CARLYLE: I made you a drink. Your favorite! How was work?

MISTER CARLYLE: Not bad. Another day teaching physics to potheads. Sit down, honey, there's something I want to talk about.

MRS. CARLYLE: Me too. But you first.

MISTER CARLYLE: Things have been different between us lately, and I think we should do something about it.

MRS. CARLYLE: Yes.

MISTER CARLYLE: I've been thinking about it for a while now, and I think we should—

MRS. CARLYLE: Shhhh! I know. I know exactly what you're gonna say, and I agree completely. *(pause)* I'm so relieved! I've been looking for advice about this for weeks and everyone I've mentioned it to—

MISTER CARLYLE: Everyone?

MRS. CARLYLE: You don't make a decision like this lightly. I've spoken to lots of people about it. Haven't you?

MISTER CARLYLE: Not lots. I talked about it with Larry. *(laughs)* He even offered to help out if we want!

MRS. CARLYLE: That's a great idea. Larry could probably seal the deal better than most men out there. *(pause)* I'm happy to say my mother's totally on board.

MISTER CARLYLE: Your mother?

MRS. CARLYLE: She couldn't be happier. She said she wished she'd asked my father for one years ago. I told her, Ma, if it'll satisfy you, ask him now!

MISTER CARLYLE: They've been married forty years. There's not much point now, is there?

MRS. CARLYLE: It's never too late, even at their age. Now, Father Martin, he was a surprise.

MISTER CARLYLE: You spoke to our priest about it?

MRS. CARLYLE: He was so pleased I thought to ask him! We spoke for almost two hours.

MISTER CARLYLE: Two hours? I wouldn't think he'd have much experience with this.

MRS. CARLYLE: Neither did I, but he said couples ask him about this three or four times a month. Sometimes he feels half the town wants one. Of course, he hardly ever recommends it.

MISTER CARLYLE: I wouldn't think so.

MRS. CARLYLE: But in our case he's all for it!

MISTER CARLYLE: Really?

MRS. CARLYLE: He says it's the best thing we could do. Frankly he's surprised we haven't done it sooner.

MISTER CARLYLE: God bless him!

MRS. CARLYLE: He's just worried about how you'll hold up afterwards. He's not sure if you can handle it.

MISTER CARLYLE: That's considerate, I guess. *(pause)* When should we do this?

MRS. CARLYLE: I'd do it right now if we could.

MISTER CARLYLE: I didn't think you'd be so into it!

MRS. CARLYLE: I haven't thought of anything else for months, but I was afraid to mention it.

MISTER CARLYLE: You can say anything to me, honey.

MRS. CARLYLE: I know, hon. Sometimes I forget that.

MISTER CARLYLE: I'm so happy we talked.

MRS. CARLYLE: Me too.

SFX: A quick kiss.

MISTER CARLYLE: Lemme call Larry. I said I'd let him know how things went.

MRS. CARLYLE: I'll call my mother. I'd hate for her to see this on Facebook.

MISTER CARLYLE: Why don't we grab some dinner and talk about it?

MRS. CARLYLE: Okay, I'll go get ready.

MISTER and MRS. CARLYLE: *(together)* Hi, Larry. / Hi, Mom. I'm so relieved. S/he said yes!

SFX: Generic talk show intro music.

GERUND: Welcome back to *Book Words*, I'm your host Theodore Gerund and next up we're speaking with Arthur Plectrum about his latest release. Welcome, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Thank you.

GERUND: Why don't you tell our audience about your new book?

ARTHUR: My latest book deals with themes of revenge, fate, and man's interaction with nature, written in a style that glides effortlessly between first and third person while still retaining the voice of the original narrator.

GERUND: Sounds fascinating. What's it called?

ARTHUR: *Moby-Dick*.

GERUND: This is the latest in your series of word-for-word literary "book covers," as you call them.

ARTHUR: Yes, it is.

GERUND: Can you explain the process of writing someone else's book?

ARTHUR: It takes months and months of research to see if you can even begin to tackle a project of this magnitude. I mean, have you ever read *Moby-Dick*? It's a massively huge, long book. But after my intern finished reading it I decided it was the next project I wanted *(beat)* no, needed to take on. My own white whale, if you will.

GERUND: How do you respond to charges that your work is derivative, unimaginative, and plagiarizes some of the world's greatest literary minds?

ARTHUR: My agent always says, "Never read your reviews." So do my lawyers.

GERUND: Well, in the interest of fairness, we have. *The New York Times Review of Books* called your last work, *Wuthering Heights*, quote, "a thinly veiled attempt to exploit one of the great pieces of English literature for obvious monetary gain," while *Publisher's Weekly* said your entire literary output quote "Makes a mockery of the hard work and tireless effort put into honing their craft by authors from William Shakespeare to Jackie Collins." Unquote.

ARTHUR: Everyone's a critic, aren't they?

GERUND: So you dismiss their comments?

ARTHUR: The Beatles started out playing songs by Chuck Berry and Carl Perkins, and no one said, "Oh, those Beatles, they don't write their own material." After they found their voice, Lennon and McCartney were quite rightly hailed as two of the greatest songwriters of the twentieth century. If I ever find my own voice, I'm sure that history will treat me the same.

GERUND: And so you continue the great artistic tradition of paying homage, if you will, to works that inspire you.

ARTHUR: Yeah, sure, okay. I mean, when Gus Van Sant remade *Psycho* shot for shot, he wasn't co-opting the genius of Alfred Hitchcock for quote "obvious monetary gain," unquote. He was exploring how one of cinema's most influential and celebrated works could be made culturally relevant, and commercially viable, to a younger and more contemporary audience. With his own name on it.

GERUND: What are you working on next?

ARTHUR: I'm torn between something scientific like Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*, or, ironically enough, a more religious tract, like the Holy Bible.

GERUND: Fascinating.

ARTHUR: King James Version, of course.

GERUND: Of course. Well, thank you for taking the time to speak with us, Arthur Plectrum, author of the new classic *Moby-Dick*. We look forward to seeing you again.

ARTHUR: My pleasure.

GERUND: We'll be right back after a word from our sponsor.

ANNOUNCER (male): According to recent statistics, twenty percent of black Americans smoke some form of tobacco. That's over five million of our proud brothers and sisters who are at increased risk of death from heart disease, cancer, and stroke, some of the highest killers of black Americans after police officers and other black Americans. Now's the time to fight back. Niggarette Gum is the safe alternative to patches, hypnosis, and loss of commissary privilege. It's fast-acting, reduces your craving for nicotine, and has that cool, smooth menthol flavor you've been targeted to love since 1955. So don't be a slave to tobacco. Break the chains with Niggarette Gum. Because Black Lives Matter. *(very fast)* These statements have not been approved by the FDA, BET, or the NAACP.

ROWAN: Good afternoon, I'm Mr. Rowan from Acme Employer Services. Human Resources invited me to address the staff today about the company's guidelines regarding sexual harassment. We know that *Playhouse* magazine is in a, let's say, *unique* position when it comes to sexual harassment, being America's leading producers of lesbian erotica with quasi-pedophilic undertones, but this *is* a business. We're all adults and obviously you're expected to behave as such. Now, if you turn to

page one-hundred-seven in your employee handbook, we're going to do a little roleplaying about— Yes, yes, that's very funny, but I think that's part of the problem. We're going to do a little roleplaying about sexual harassment and what is and is not appropriate office behavior. I see there are a lot of you who still haven't been laid off, so why don't we break up into groups and take things from there? Group one, I'd like to see Bush, Adcock and Dicker. Group two, can we get Dykhof and Handler, please?

SFX: Door opens.

ROWAN: Oh, Weiner, nice of you to come. We've been waiting longer than we should have. Kuntz, you take Blackman and Koons, and let's try and squeeze Moorecock in there, too. I'm sure it'll be a tight fit but do the best you can. And I'd like to see Dykes get Butz, Reddy, and Reimer sometime after the meeting. Now that we're all set up, please open your workbooks and fill out exercises one through fourteen. I'll be over here helping Hardman, Banger, Hyman and Fillmore. Please proceed.

SFX: Group chatter fades out.

SFX: Early evening on a city street. Hustle and bustle. Cars, footsteps, chatter.

NEWSDEALER: One *New York Post*, one bottle ice-cold water, and one Sneeeekers bar to sweeten up the end of your busy day. Your total is four dollars and seventy-five cents, my friend. Out of a crisp, clean five-dollar bill, and twenty-five cents is your change, my friend. Thank you and have a nice day, please. Next, sir, what can I—

SFX: Coins being scooped out of a tray.

NEWSDEALER: Excuse me, my friend, what are you doing?

CUSTOMER ONE: Taking some pennies.

NEWSDEALER: Why do you take my pennies, my friend?

CUSTOMER ONE: That's what the sign says. "Take a penny, leave a penny."

SFX: Customer Two coughs.

NEWSDEALER: No, no, no. You take a penny when you are one cent short for your bill. You leave a penny when you have it to spare. That is good karma. You took seventeen pennies. Not good karma, my friend.

SFX: Customer Two coughs.

CUSTOMER TWO: Can I get some cough drops, please?

CUSTOMER ONE: How many people leave a penny every day? Twenty-five? Thirty?

NEWSDEALER: Perhaps, if I am worthy of such generosity rewarding the humility with which I serve them, my friend.

SFX: Customer Two coughs.

CUSTOMER TWO: Can I get some cough drops, please?

CUSTOMER ONE: So you're up at least eight cents today.

NEWSDEALER: How can I possibly know that with which the gods will gift me when the sun sets? Why do you take my pennies?

CUSTOMER ONE: What do you do with these pennies when you close up?

NEWSDEALER: I put them in my drawers, my friend. Then I lock my drawers and go home to my family.

SFX: Customer Two coughs.

CUSTOMER TWO: Can I get—

CUSTOMER ONE: Let's say you're up twenty-five cents a day, five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. How much is that?

SFX: Customer Two coughs.

CUSTOMER TWO: Sixty-five dollars. Can I get some—

CUSTOMER ONE: So you're up sixty-five dollars during the year, and you're worried about me taking fifteen cents—

NEWSDEALER: Seventeen cents, my friend.

CUSTOMER TWO: *(testy)* Excuse me, can I just get—

NEWSDEALER: *(screaming)* Yes yes yes! What the *fuck* do you want? *(beat)* My friend.

WRITER ONE: Okay, hold on a second.

WRITER TWO: What?

WRITER ONE: I can see where this sketch is going, but it's kind of problematic.

WRITER TWO: It's too long?

WRITER ONE: It's racist.

WRITER THREE: I was thinking the same thing.

WRITER TWO: How's it racist?

WRITER ONE: An Indian newsdealer, seriously? Does he get his shirts done at a Chinese laundry, too?

WRITER THREE: And there aren't any black characters.

WRITER TWO: It's for a CD, but we could have a black character in there, sure. Who should he be?

WRITER ONE: Give him the lead.

WRITER THREE: Make the black character the guy stealing change? No, that's not racist at all.

WRITER TWO: We could make him the newsdealer.

WRITER ONE: So he can be a victim? What are we saying about black people then, if he's the victim?

WRITER TWO: Make him Customer Two.

WRITER THREE: A guy who just coughs? Not much of a role, is it?

WRITER TWO: So we won't have a black character.

WRITER THREE: We can't have no black characters. That's racist, too.

WRITER TWO: Let's just make all the characters black, then.

WRITER ONE: That makes sense. What do you think?

WRITER TWO: Sounds good to me.

ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile, across town...

SFX: Conversation in a restaurant. Knives and forks on plates and light mood music.

BRIAN: Hi, are you Sally?

SALLY: Yes. Brian?

BRIAN: That's me! Nice to meet you. I haven't been on a blind date in forever. Sorry if I seem a little nervous.

SFX: A chair being pulled back as Brian sits down.

SALLY: Don't worry about it. I do this all the time. Is, is there something wrong? Do I have bread in my teeth?

BRIAN: I'm sorry for staring, it's just that Jenny didn't tell me you're—

SALLY: *(coy)* So beautiful?

BRIAN: Asian. She didn't tell me you're Asian. With the last name Berkowitz, I naturally assumed—

SALLY: Yeah, I know. Thanks, Dad. *(beat)* Again. *(beat)* To be honest, I asked Jenny not to tell you. I didn't want you to get the wrong idea.

BRIAN: The wrong idea about what?

SALLY: About me.

BRIAN: What about you?

SALLY: About me being Asian.

BRIAN: *(matter of factly)* Oh. Well, not a problem. I love Asian women. *(beat)* So what have you—

SALLY: *(aside)* And *here* we go. *(normal)* You "love" Asian women. What do you mean, you "love" Asian women? You love Asian women as long as they're quiet and submissive?

BRIAN: Uh, no.

SALLY: So you like a real dragon lady?

BRIAN: I didn't say that.

SALLY: A tiger mom! *(stereotypical Asian accent)* You needa tigah mama, rittle boy? You come ovah heyah and ret mama—

BRIAN: No! Why are you—

SALLY: Oh my god! What am I doing? I'm so sorry. I've been kind of stressed out at work lately. I don't know what came over me.

BRIAN: *(cautiously)* That's okay. Just a little misunderstanding. So, what do you do?

SALLY: I work at Acme Accounting, and tax season's right around the corner, so it's been pretty busy.

BRIAN: Acme Accounting? Really? That must be interesting, meeting all kinds of—

SALLY: Why?

BRIAN: Why what?

SALLY: I'm an accountant. Why would you think that's interesting? Because we're good at math?

BRIAN: Good at math?

SALLY: Asians. We're good at math, right? Good with numbers? Like the number on your laundry ticket? *(stereotypical Asian accent)* You want shirtee? You give me tickee. No tickee, no shirtee!

BRIAN: Wait, wait, wait. What's going on here? Why are you talking to me like this?

SALLY: Look, irregardless of what you think about—

BRIAN: Regardless. And I could care less about—

SALLY: You *couldn't* care less. You have to really watch that grammar.

BRIAN: Your infinitive's split, sweetheart. Where I went to school, our English professors always told us—

SALLY: Nice dangling modifier, stud. What are you implying, anyway?

BRIAN: What are you inferring?

SALLY: I don't know who you think you're—

BRIAN: Whom!

SALLY: Says who?

BRIAN: Me.

SALLY: I!

BRIAN: You what?

SALLY: I don't know!

BRIAN/SALLY: (*together*) Third base!

SFX: Crickets chirping.

SALLY: Oh my god. You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything. I just have to watch out for guys who only want to date me because of that whole *(whisper)* yellow fever thing, you know? *(excitedly)* Hey! *(suspiciously)* Do *you* like me because I'm Asian?

BRIAN: No, I—

SALLY: You *don't* like me because I'm Asian?

BRIAN: No, no, I just meant—

SALLY: That you like me *despite* the fact that I'm Asian?

BRIAN: No, no, no! I really *don't care* that you're Asian!

SALLY: How *da-a-a-are* you deny my humanity! Just because I'm Asian doesn't mean that you can come in here and—

BRIAN: Okay, that's it. You wanna know something? I don't *like* you because you're Asian. I don't *dislike* you because you're Asian. To tell you the truth, I don't *like you* at all. I'm sorry, Sally, I think I'm just going to leave.

SALLY: Yeah, you do that, you racist prick. I'm not your fetish! I won't love you long time! I'm not your mail-order bride, your fantasy sex toy, your—

SFX: Chair being moved back from table.

BRIAN: Wow. Just wow. Nice meetin' ya. Do you need money for a cab? I hear you people don't drive too well. Sayonara, Yoko.

SALLY: I'm Korean, you scumbag! *(beat)* Call me! *(beat)* Too bad. He's cute for a black guy. Oh, woe is me.

BRIAN: *(yelling from the distance)* Woe is I!

SFX: The shuffle of footsteps as Brian walks out of the restaurant. Cash registers. Dinner chatter. The clink of utensils on plates. Footsteps and rustling as two men bump into each other.

BRIAN: Excuse me, sorry.

MANAGER: Yes, of course, sir. Thank you for dining with us.

SFX: Footsteps.

MANAGER: Good evening, Sir, I'm the manager. Why don't you call me Mister, uh, Jenkins. I understand there's a problem with your check?

MISTER CARLYLE: You're goddamn right there's a problem. I paid the bill in cash and when the waiter brought my change, he gave me the bills but not the coins. What's with that? I'm eighty-seven cents short here.

MANAGER: We no longer include surplus coinage when returning the balance of a guest's culinary rent, sir.

MISTER CARLYLE: Are you serious?

MANAGER: Quite serious, sir. Our accountants examined our former business model and concluded that returning a guest's surplus coinage is no longer cost-effective for us.

MISTER CARLYLE: Because you raised your staff's minimum wage?

MANAGER: *(laughs heartily)* No, not at all, sir. We just realized that we make more money if we keep the change.

MISTER CARLYLE: That can't be legal.

MANAGER: I assure you it's all quite legal, sir. You'll see the standard "upcharging" clause in the Terms of Service at the bottom of your bill.

MISTER CARLYLE: What kind of restaurant has Terms of Service in its bill?

MANAGER: Most of our business these days comes from online orders.

MISTER CARLYLE: We're not online.

MANAGER: You'll find the surcharge for our technologically challenged guests at the end of the Terms of Service in the End User License Agreement, sir. The tiny type, down there at the bottom, below the mandatory recommended gratuity.

MISTER CARLYLE: I don't know what you think you're—

WAITER: *(interrupting)* Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. Williams, but we have a problem at the front of house.

MANAGER: Not now, Phillips, can't you see I'm troubleshooting a customer?

WAITER: There's been a robbery. Some crazy man ran in the front door, opened the register, and took all the pennies from the till!

MANAGER: What did he look like?

WAITER: He was about five foot nine wearing a denim—

MANAGER: Was he white? Was he black? Was he Hispanic? What did he *look* like?

WAITER: Don't be racist!

MANAGER: What race was he?

WAITER: We haven't decided that yet. But don't be racist. Do you want me to—

Fade out.

SFX: Generic afternoon talk show intro music.

ELLEN: Welcome back to *The Ellen DeGeneres Show*! Our next guest is a world-famous musician, successful entrepreneur, and a fabulous fashion designer. He's also an old friend of the show. Please welcome back, Kanye West!

SFX: Music and rapid audience applause. Music and applause fade out.

KANYE: Ye, Ellen.

ELLEN: That's right. Yaaaay!

KANYE: No, my name. My name is Ye. Just Ye. I've dropped the Kan, for now.

ELLEN: Oh, I'm sorry. Kanye, Yeezus, Ye. Puff Daddy, Puffy, Diddy. Sometimes I just can't keep up!

KANYE: *(condescending laughter)*

ELLEN: Sorry, Ye. Yaaaay! So now whenever people say your name, they're already cheering you. Saves a lot of time, huh?

SFX: Audience laughter.

ELLEN: Well, I hear you have a special announcement for us today. We can't wait, right, guys?

SFX: Audience cheers.

ELLEN: What is it? A new album? A new fashion line? Another new name?

SFX: Audience laughter.

KANYE: It's much more dramatic than that, El-Word.

ELLEN: I would think so. So what do you have for us?

KANYE: I'm the Zodiac Killer.

SFX: Crickets chirping.

ELLEN: Come again?

KANYE: I'm the Zodiac Killer.

SFX: Audience ooohs and ahhhs.

ELLEN: The serial killer. From '70s California.

KANYE: Exactly.

SFX: Crickets chirping.

ELLEN: *(excited)* Well, *that's* something, isn't it, guys?

SFX: Audience applause.

ELLEN: So what's it like, being one of the most notorious serial killers in American criminal history, on top of being a world-famous musician, successful entrepreneur, and a fabulous fashion designer?

KANYE: Nothing's easy for Ye.

ELLEN: I feel ya, Ye. I've seen *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*!

SFX: Audience laughter.

ELLEN: Well, even after fifteen years, my viewing family may not know this, but I happen to be something of a serial-killer buff.

SFX: Audience ooohs and ahhhs.

ELLEN: And I must say, this is something of a surprise! The Zodiac Killer was active from 1968 to 1970 and was described by the few survivors of his attacks as a white man between five-foot-ten and six feet with short, dark, curly hair and black horn-rimmed glasses. You were born in 1977, you're five-foot-eight, and while you do have short, dark, curly hair, you don't wear glasses. And you're black, pardon the expression.

SFX: Rapid audience applause.

KANYE: Ye's a chameleon. And you ever hear of contacts?

ELLEN: My crack staff has done their research and found some interesting things. Up on the big screen here is one of several letters that were written in code — we call them ciphers — that have baffled Zodiacologists like myself for years. What's the secret to your amazing cryptic glyphs? Try saying that three times fast, huh, guys?

KANYE: *(over dark, Kanye-ish beats)* Amazing cryptic glyphs amazing cryptic glyphs amazing cryptic glyphs.

ELLEN: Wow, you sure schooled me, din'cha?

SFX: Audience laughter and applause.

ELLEN: So what does this code mean?

KANYE: Ain't no *(two-second beep)* code. It's all right there: "This is Kanye speaking. Well, I was Kanye, but now I'm Ye. Just Ye. I'm also the Zodiac Killer. What the *(two-second beep)* is wrong with you people? I'm a world-famous musician, successful entrepreneur, and a fabulous fashion designer. Stop me before I kill again. Peace out."

ELLEN: Wow. Just wow.

SFX: Audience applause.

ELLEN: But I must say, I'm just *this* much skeptical.

KANYE: Are you saying Ye can't be the Zodiac Killer?

ELLEN: No, not at all! I'm a firm believer that in America, anyone can be anything they want to be.

SFX: Audience applause.

ELLEN: Hey, I'm the fantastically rich, out-and-proud lesbian hostess of her own top-rated TV talk show, and I get hotter *(two-second beep)* than you ever have!

SFX: Audience applause.

KANYE: And I'm the Pope.

SFX: Strong audience applause.

ELLEN: Well, a little birdie in my ear, my producer, who I love—

SFX: Distant voice from the audience.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Whom!

ELLEN: —tells me we're out of time right now, but I want to thank Kanye West—

KANYE: Ye.

ELLEN: Yes, yaaaay! Thank you for being with us today!

KANYE: Baba Booey.

ELLEN: We'll be right back after this message!

SFX: Music and rapid audience applause, then fade out.

CHUCK NORRIS: Martial artist and action star Chuck Norris here. I've spent my career fighting the red menace in films like *Invasion USA* and *Missing in Action (beat)* and I want you to join me. You can't expect the fairer sex to think of everything, so the next time your little lady's unprepared for *(whispers)* that time of the month *(normal)* toss her a tampon from the Chuck Norris Every Month Carry. Each bag is made of military-grade 600-denier polyester, water-resistant to a depth of 300 feet, and easily concealed so your brothers-in-arms will never know. With fully adjustable back, shoulder, and waist straps and extra pockets for Midol, chocolate, crackers, and a hot water bottle, it's the only feminine hygiene product a man will ever need. So send Aunt Flo packing with the Chuck Norris Every Month Carry. You'll be even happier you're not a woman. Period.

SFX: Electronic news show intro music.

ANCHOR: We interrupt this CD to bring you this breaking story. Five members of the Weathergirl Underground terrorist group were confirmed dead earlier today after tear gas canisters fired into their safe house by the Los Angeles Police Department set the building ablaze. At the helm of the Weathergirls was General Field Marshal Cynthia Quinceañera, who led a ragtag group of white male soldiers dedicated, as they put it, to smashing the patriarchy and establishing a female-dominated society. The Weathergirls gained notoriety last year when they kidnapped heiress Lilith Burke in an effort to protest the oppression of women. Burke was reported among today's dead. Since their inception, the Weathergirls impressed law enforcement agencies with the surprising production values of their communiqués, some of which included comments by Burke herself, who changed her name to Thalia and joined the ranks of her captors.

NOTE: Comrades JUDY, BETTE, CHER, and TALLULAH are voiced by men.

SFX: The click of a switch before a voice comes through a studio intercom.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Okay, people, let's try to make this one count. Comrade Bette, you're stepping on Comrade Thalia's lines. Comrade Thalia, sweetie, you need to speak

a little slower and for the love of God, everyone, please watch your plosives. Okay. Communiqué Six: Final Demands, take four. Comrade Judy, do we have speed?

COMRADE JUDY: It's digital, we don't need—

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Quiet, please! And five, four, three, two.

COMRADE BETTE: Greetings, sexist bastards. This is Comrade Bette, Weathergirls Mistress of Information. Weathergirls soldiers have outlined the next stage in our struggle against patriarchal oppression. Comrade Thalia will describe our demands and what you can expect if we don't see a show of good faith in the next twenty-four hours.

COMRADE THALIA: *(bubbly, obviously reading)* Hi, sexist scum. So that we can better launch the coming female revolution, the Weathergirls hereby demand the liberation of two million dollars in cash so that Planned Parenthood chapters across the country can fund all forms of abor—

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Cut. Cut, everybody.

COMRADE THALIA: Sorry, did I mess up again?

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: No, you're doing fine, Thalia, but can we get a little more terror in your voice, please? You're a victim, here. Don't ever forget that. You. Are. A. *Victim*. We need you to sound more *(beat)* victimy.

COMRADE THALIA: I'll try, but everyone here's been so nice. You treat me like an adult, not the poor little rich girl everyone reads about in the papers. I can forget I come from a wealthy family and, I don't know, be the woman I've always wanted to be.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: You need to remember something. We kidnapped you to liberate you from the bonds of white male oppression and usher in an era where women can live up to their full potential and take their rightful place in society.

COMRADE THALIA: I thought that's what I *was* doing. I don't want a job in STEM or anything. I'd be happy to just find a nice guy, settle down, have some kids. Do some gardening. I like to garden.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: If you want to get down in the dirt, Comrade Thalia, I suggest you get down in the dirt with your sisters and help them rise above. Now, why don't we take it from the top, and try to act a little more oppressed this time. Okay. Communiqué Six: Final Demands, take five. Comrade Judy, do we have speed?

COMRADE JUDY: It's digital, we don't need—

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Quiet, please! And five, four, three, two.

ANCHOR: Life on the run was tough for the Weathergirls, who established a series of safe houses in abandoned buildings, travelled incognito wearing make-up and disguises, and lived hand-to-mouth while trying to avoid the authorities.

SFX: A door opens. Footsteps. Mess kits and utensils being placed on a table.

COMRADE THALIA: Hi, comrades! There wasn't much in the cooler, but I found some rice and lentils behind the blasting caps and whipped up a little arancini. Here's a salad I made with dandelions from the sandlot, and there was enough dried fruit and shortbread in the MREs for some nice improvised tartlets. Dig in!

COMRADE JUDY: Wow, this smells great! I've got to hand it to you, Lil—

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Thalia. Her comrade name is Thalia.

COMRADE JUDY: Sorry. Comrade Thalia, it's amazing what you can do with just some A-rations, a hotplate, and—

COMRADE THALIA: And a little bit of love? *(dreamily)* You know, I always felt I missed my true calling when it came to cooking, but there are only so many hours in the day, and what with openings and benefits and galas, it's a real struggle sometimes.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Speaking of struggle, Comrade Thalia, we're about to start our Revolutionary Council Meeting. Can you check that all the ordnance is accounted for?

COMRADE THALIA: Of course. If you and the boys need anything else, I'll be in the munitions room, tidying up.

SFX: Footsteps walking away. A door closes.

COMRADE BETTE: Field Marshal, before we start, I have a question. I understand that sexism is awful and smash the patriarchy and check my privilege and all, but can you remind me again why we're revolting?

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: *(mansplaining)* We've been over this a hundred times, Comrade Bette, but I'll explain it *(beat)* again. We're out to win women the rights they've been denied by centuries of living under the thumb of the rich, white, heterosexual men who dominate society. Women are the oppressed, and you white men are the oppressors. The only way to topple the white heteronormative power structure is from within, but the oppressed can't make the inroads that you can as cisgender assigned males. That means the Weathergirls need to fluff white heterosexist males to full

tumescence, and when they're ready to explode, we grab the patriarchy by the balls, squeeze the life out of it, then give the reins of control over to our sisters-in-struggle. Got it?

COMRADE CHER: Shouldn't we be recruiting more women into the movement, then? It's kind of a sausage party in here.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: There'll be time to discuss all that later, Comrade Cher. The first order of business is Comrade Thalia. I can't quite tell if she's really dedicated to the cause or if she's just using us for her own devious, domestic ends. She seems to sympathize with the enemy. It's almost like she enjoys other people telling her what to do. I don't think we can't trust the skinny bitch.

ANCHOR: The Weathergirls funded their operations through a series of daring daytime bank robberies. Law enforcement officers almost apprehended Burke at their final heist, only to have her slip through their fingers again.

SFX: Sirens. Alarms. Gunshots. Confusion.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: *(urgently)* Come on! Come on! Come on! Everybody in! Let's go! Go go go go go!

SFX: A car door opens and slams shut.

COMRADE JUDY: We've got to get Comrade Thalia! She's still in the bank!

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: No time! We need to get back to the safe house now!

SFX: Wheels screech as car drives off into the distance. Fade out.

SFX: A gavel raps sharply on a table.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Weathergirl Underground Revolutionary Council Meeting is now in session. Comrades, please join me in a moment of silence for our fallen Comrade Thalia, who will be remembered as a true martyr to the cause for her great sacrifices to the revo—

SFX: Door opens and closes quickly.

COMRADE THALIA: *(huffing and puffing)* Don't worry, Comrades, it's just me. I'm alone. *(bubbly)* Hi!

COMRADES: *(together, concerned, ad libs)* Comrade Thalia, are you okay?

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: I don't fuckin' believe it.

COMRADE THALIA: Sorry, guys, guess I'm still not used to all this revolution stuff. It seems like each time we carry out an action, I'm the one who gets left behind. I can be such a klutz, I know.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: *(feigning enthusiasm)* Comrade Thalia! *(sighs)* How did you escape the pigs this time?

COMRADE THALIA: *(excited)* Well, lemme tell you! There was so much confusion at the bank with the smoke bombs and the guns and all that I was able to just walk out the front door with the police! I was running behind the getaway car, but I guess you couldn't hear me calling, what with you driving away so fast.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Yeah, well, my bad. But you're here now, and I guess that's all that matters. Pull up a crate and we'll get started.

ANCHOR: The Weathergirls evaded FBI and Interpol agents for eighteen months before being tracked to a safe house in Los Angeles, where LAPD and SWAT teams surrounded the building while trying to negotiate the group's surrender.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Excuse me. I'll be back in a while, Comrades. I have to take care of something.

SFX: Footsteps walking away. A door opens.

COMRADE TALLULAH: Do you need help, Field Marshal? We could—

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: Woman problems, Comrade Tallulah.

COMRADES: *(together, improvised, sheepish)* Oh, okay. Well, we'll be here when you get back. Take your time!

SFX: Door slams shut. Footsteps leaving.

COMRADE CHER: I knew there was something wrong with her the past few days.

COMRADE BETTE: She's such a bitch when she's *(beat)* you know.

COMRADE JUDY: Sure dodged a bullet there, right, ladies?

SFX: A few quick footsteps. Street sounds, traffic.

FIELD MARSHAL CYN: I have information on the Weathergirl Underground you might be interested in. Are you still offering a reward?

ANCHOR: Weathergirls leader Cynthia Quinceañera was the only member of the group to escape the blaze, and her whereabouts are currently unknown. She's most likely

armed and should be considered extremely dangerous. Anyone with information is urged to call their local law enforcement agency.

SFX: Changing radio channels. Heavy wheels driving on hard, dry ground as a van goes through the desert. Electronic dance music and partying in the distance. An engine turns off. A truck door opens and slams shut.

CUTTER: Hey, bro! Welcome!

HAMSA: *(grim)* Hello, dog. How are you burning the man today?

CUTTER: Good, dawg. Woof woof! *(laughs)* Everything's cool. Got the sun, the open desert. Free drugs. Free love. Free free free. Welcome to Camp Glitterbomb. I'm Jimmy Cutterman, but you can call me Cutter. What's your name? Which camp are you?

HAMSA: I am called Hamsa bin-Recycle. We are proud to set up Camp Isis right here in your own backyard.

BUMBLE: Isis! Righteous, bro! The wife of Osiris. Protector of Horus. Aide for the dead to enter the afterlife. Such a badass bitch!

HAMSA: No! You are the bitch! I will fuck your ass like the bitch you are and throw you from the highest tower in the village, infidel!

SFX: Quick, angry Arabic spoken in the background.

HAMSA: Yes, yes. *(beat)* A thousand pardons for my outburst. She was indeed a badass bitch. *(mumbles in Arabic)*

CUTTER: Sorry, you'll have to excuse my bud Bumble. He's really into Muslim history, but there aren't many Islamabros in Connecticut, you know? That dude sleeping it off over there is Leglamp, and this is my old lady, Mooncup.

HAMSA: Blessings upon all your withering, sun-bleached carcasses, Allah willing.

BUMBLE: Yeah, it's hot as balls, right? Gets mad cold at night, too. Hope you're ready.

SFX: Dramatic Arabic music in the background.

HAMSA: We have travelled over miles of the harshest desert and braved blinding sandstorms to watch you defile your bodies and souls before your false wooden god. We are more than prepared for whatever *(spits on the ground)* Gerlach can threaten.

SFX: Music fades out.

CUTTER: I hear you, bro. We drove all the way from Denver.

MOONCUP: Is this your first burn, Hamsa?

HAMSA: I have burned many things in my life, whore.

MOONCUP: This is my eighth burn. The first time I came, it was just *magical*. I couldn't wait to come again, and again, and again. *(dreamy)* I tell everyone I meet what a great time I have here, and they should, too. It's like being in paradise!

HAMSA: Yes, I will be seeing paradise soon myself, Allah willing.

BUMBLE: Namaste, Ham bro!

HAMSA: You call me Ham? You filthy cur! I will roast you on a spit in the hot blazing—

SFX: Rapid Arabic, obviously scolding him, as before.

HAMSA: Yes, yes. *(beat)* Namaste to you too, motherfucker. *(mumbles in Arabic)*

ANNOUNCER: Later that night.

SFX: Electronic dance music, sounds of partying and cars in the distance. A knock on a camper door followed by the sound of a bullet being chambered. The door opens.

HAMSA: Who goes there? Allah Akbar! *(wild ululating)*

MOONCUP: Shhhh! Hamsa, it's me, Mooncup. Camp Glitterbomb. I couldn't sleep. Can I come in and hang?

HAMSA: Yes, you *should* hang, Allah willing. Why do you wake me? Why doesn't the master of your loins keep you under control? Shut the door. Were you raised in a barn?

MOONCUP: Who, Cutter? Don't worry, he's cool. We have an open relationship. We both like to have fun, sometimes we just have fun with other people. He's out on the playa right now. There's a rave over at Camp Gaga. Wanna go?

HAMSA: No, whore. I have no time for such folly.

MOONCUP: That's cool. We can hang here. Hamsa, I have to admit, you're the reason I couldn't sleep.

HAMSA: What do you mean? I am stealthy as the lioness hunting her prey, silent as the snake as he slithers in the darkness.

MOONCUP: I like the way you talk. You're like a poet. I like poets. I like black guys, too.

HAMSA: I'm not black, you filthy she-devil!

MOONCUP: Everyone's black, baby. Even white people. The cool ones, anyway.

HAMSA: Hold your tongue, whore. You will wake Achmed. He's a light sleeper and bad news if he awakens on the wrong side of the bedroll.

MOONCUP: That's okay, Hamsa. He can come play with us, too. Refugees welcome, you know what I mean?

HAMSA: Why do you tempt me, harlot?

MOONCUP: Come on, Hamsa. I saw the way you were eyefucking me before. Don't you think I'm attractive?

SFX: Kissing and rustling clothes.

HAMSA: You bring my steed to full gallop, it is true, but you are a nonbeliever. An infidel. A kafir. *(beat)* Oh, fuck it. Allah, forgive me for betraying the virgins of paradise with this crazy white bitch.

MOONCUP: Lie back and I'll take you to paradise. Wait a sec, lemme turn on the light so I can get a look at that fat, black cock of yours.

HAMSA: I told you, I'm not bla— No! Don't touch that switch, you trollo—

SFX: A loud explosion. Shattering glass and metal falling to the ground. Screams. Chaos. Fade out.

SFX: Seven seconds of silence.

JAKE: Yo, where's my fuckin' pizza, dude?

contents **next**

Amy, Amy, Amy

Amy Schumer's been a fertile breeding ground for controversy these last few weeks, exhibiting a surprisingly thin skin when it comes to **other people's jokes** riffing off the knee-slappers she tells about herself; fending off public accusations of **comedic plagiarism**; and making her own very public accusation of **selfie-rape**. But my favorite bit of Amy-centric controversy these days is her claim that, when it comes to her dress size, "**I go between a size 6 and an 8.**"

Whether that's on her way to a size 12, she didn't say.

I don't mention the dreaded size 12 to be snarky (maybe just a little) or because it's an easy joke (even though it is), but because America's Queen of Comedy currently sits on the throne that is America's newsstands gracing the cover of *Vanity Fair* in a pose made famous by America's greatest female sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe, who was a size 12 — and was by some accounts a size 14.

The website **The Marilyn Monroe Collection** lists Marilyn's most vital statistics, based on the most impeccable source around: **La Monroe's personal documents and clothing from her own closet**:

According to her first modeling agency, Marilyn's measurements were 36-24-34. Another **website** lists Marilyn's measurements as 37-23-36 (according to her studio) and 35-22-35 (according to her dressmaker). (Fun Fact: Marilyn's dresses were more than a little form-fitting to make the most of her truly hourglass figure. The dress in which she sang "**Happy Birthday, Mr. President**" to John F. Kennedy was famously **sewn onto her body at the last minute**.) She stood five foot five-and-a-half and, because it's a good thing to know, wore a 36D bra. Her dress size was 12, and she weighed 118 pounds (117 pounds at the time of her death).

According to the website **HealthyCeleb**, Amy Schumer weighs in as follows:

Her measurements are 38-28-39; she stands five-foot-seven; and, as stated above, goes between a size 6 and a size 8. Amy wears a 36B bra, **when she wears one at all**; and (at press time) tips the scales at 160 pounds.

So on paper, at least, Amy Schumer is approximately one, five, and three inches larger in her dress measurements; stands an inch and a half taller; wears a bra two cup

sizes smaller; and is 42 pounds heavier than Marilyn Monroe, a size-12 woman. But don't you dare call Amy Schumer plus-size, even though **there's nothing wrong with being plus-size**.

While Healthy Celeb is a less authoritative source than the Blue Book modeling agency, the Department of Defense, and the Los Angeles Coroner's Office, I have great confidence in the statistics regarding Amy's weight. La Schumer told the world her number when she received the Trailblazer Award at Glamour UK's 2015 Women of the Year Awards, giving a **speech** that made her the darling of Third Wave Feminists, body-positivity activists, and nu-male white knight beta bitches around the world, some of whom may have actually heard Amy tell a joke or two beforehand.

So it's ironic that Amy blew up, so to speak, after her unwanted, unapproved, and apparently unseemly appearance in the "Plus-Size" Special Edition of the American version of *Glamour*. (Special Edition in this case means that the magazine basically repackaged older material, including a 2015 interview with Amy; a 2014 interview with Lena Dunham; and a Christina Hendricks editorial from 2011. Along with not asking a celebrity for permission to reprint your own editorial content, this is an accepted practice in the publishing industry and none of Amy's business in the first place.)

It wasn't long before Amy called out *Glamour* (US) on Twitter, passive-aggressively asking her personal army of four million-plus followers to share their "thoughts" on her inclusion in the mag. (Amy likes to connect with people on social media when she's not using it to block people who shared the shadowbanned Twitter hashtag trend #**DeportAmySchumer** or **just don't agree with the thoughts she solicited in the first place**.) Amy ended the argument, or so she thought, with a cute little GIF showing her running on a beach awkwardly trying to fly a kite, over the caption, "Bottom line seems to be we are done with these unnecessary labels which seem to be reserved for women."

Reserved for women unless you're **Jennifer Lawrence**. Or **Kate Winslet**. Or **Ellen DeGeneres**. Or, just to prove that the art of fat-shaming knows no timeline or gender bias, **Richard Harris** and Elizabeth Hurley, who told *Allure* magazine in 2000, "I've always thought Marilyn Monroe looked fabulous, but I'd kill myself if I was that fat. I

went to see her clothes at the exhibition, and I wanted to take a tape measure and measure what her hips were. She was very big."

Among the thoughts Amy heard from the Twitterverse were those of *Glamour* (US) Editor-in-Chief Cindi Leive, who apologized for spilling their ink about Amy before mentioning that a size 12 is "frequent" among plus-size models, and yet smaller than that of the average American woman! She's right, too: According to the presumably **most recent statistics** from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), the average American woman over 20 years of age is five-foot-three-and-a-half, weighs 170.8 pounds, and has a 38.7-inch waist.

Which makes the average American woman over 20 years of age a size… something. Because like so many things in this great land of ours, women's dress sizes just ain't what they used to be.

Not surprisingly, the fashion industry's fudging of dress sizing over the years, like most things related to **the only business that porn can still laugh at**, has its roots in vanity and money. According to the excellent article "**Why Clothing Sizes Mean Nothing**" by Carol Anne Krol on the **Weight Watchers** website, there's no standard version of a size 6 or a size 8 or a size 12 between competing designers or even within a particular design company. To ease the anguish that comes from (or causes) negative body stereotypes, Krol suggests, among other things, buying clothes from designers whose sizing won't turn you into a cutter. It boils down to a matter of simple economics that I'll gladly **mansplain** in the nice, round figure of exactly 43 words:

Clothing designers want your money. You won't give them your money if they make you feel fat, so they market what used to be a size 12 as a size 6. Now that you feel good, feel free to give them your money.

Normally I'd consider this moving of the goalposts to be a cynical, crass, condescending, and contemptuous money grab perpetuated by an industry built on turning guilt into gelt and promoted by another industry (cough advertising cough) whose bread and butter also comes from making people feel bad about themselves (the feminine-hygiene industry doesn't move $2 billion worth of tampons, sanitary napkins, and menstrual cups every year by convincing women their pussies are fresh as a spring meadow without them).

Make no mistake, changing dress sizes for marketing purposes is all of those things. But there are times when a little white lie told on a woman's behalf isn't necessarily a bad thing, especially after you learn the startling statistics about how many **women (and men)** are diagnosed with eating disorders every year, or once you hear that **England** and **France** have finally taken the advertising and modeling industries to task for their sometimes tacit, sometimes explicit **message** to women in general and models in particular that, "If you don't drop those pounds, we'll drop you."

So it seems that if Amy Schumer was hitting the stage during Marilyn Monroe's day, she'd not only be getting blown off it by the likes of Jean Carroll, Joan Rivers, and Elaine May, she'd also be wearing a size 12 or maybe even a size 14. But nowadays, at least when it comes to her clothing, Amy Schumer is actually correct when she says she's between a size 6 and an 8, thanks to the fashion industry's trend of reconfiguring figures to make women's figures more figurative than literal.

Go figure.

(And I mean that literally. A friend of mine was once a pizza delivery boy to make ends meet while attending what *Penthouse Forum* would call "a large midwestern University." One night he was sent on a delivery run and brought the goods to the house of two married swingers who proposed an interesting tip: That he be the little [and I use that term very loosely] lady's 1500th sexual opponent. Naturally, he accepted. When he told a group of friends and me this story after the fact, we had no choice but to believe him, especially since he had photos to back it up. So pizza delivery boys do in fact get sex as tips, but who the fuck really wears haute couture clothes? **Return to story.**)

A No-Bullshit Guide to Celebrity Sex Tapes

No one was more surprised when a Florida jury penalized **gawker.com** $140 million for refusing to pull a one-minute video of **Hulk Hogan** (real name Terry Bollea) having sex than Gawker Media Publisher and CEO Nick Denton and A.J. Daulerio, the editor who posted the clip in 2012. But the smart money — mine — said a long time ago that Denton's and Daulerio's wallets would be hit hard, seeing as how their claim of a First Amendment right to air the clip because it serves the public interest is complete and utter bullshit.

It was a complicated case, to be sure, so bear with us as we play armchair lawyer for a while. In addition to charges specific to the case of **Bollea v. Gawker Media**, there were some basic but important legal matters about celebrity porn in general that the public should keep in mind next time a video company says they're going to release a "leaked" sex tape, lawyers be damned: They can't, unless they follow the rules.

The Right to Privacy: Anyone can be filmed or photographed in public — attending a political rally or watching a tennis match, for instance — and the person or company taking the picture has the right to use those images, to a point; otherwise most news footage wouldn't exist. But everyone has a reasonable expectation of privacy in a non-public setting… like the bedroom of the best-friend's wife he's banging. The Hulk Hogan Sex Tape was filmed without Bollea's knowledge or consent, in the privacy of his partner's bedroom, and as such was ruled off-limits. (Fun Fact: Depending on what you do with the footage, sometimes film shot in a public space is off-limits, too. In 1995, David Letterman and his production company Worldwide Pants were sued for invasion of privacy and infliction of emotional distress by Jane Bronstein after CBS-TV videotape of her eating a peach in the stands at the U.S. Open — and comically dribbling the juice down her chin — was shown on *The Late Show* eight times with Bronstein as the butt of several embarrassing jokes. **The case was settled in 1997**.)

The Right to Publicity: The next time you see a TV news story about obesity showing an overweight person walking down the street, notice that the only part of the person's body you don't see is their face. That's because people also have the right to control the use of their image. Even though Gawker wasn't charging a premium to see the Hulk Hogan footage, Hogan still has the right to decide where his name is used for potential monetary gain. (Fun Fact: In the same way that corporations are people, my friend, buildings have the right to what's known as "Landmark Publicity." When you see a character in a movie smoking a cigarette in front of, say, the Whisky-a-Go-Go, the filmmakers have paid the club for the right to use the outside of their building, even though the actor is technically standing in a public place.)

Who Owns the Footage?: Remember when you wanted your picture taken in front of the Eiffel Tower, and you stopped a stranger, gave him your camera, and asked him to take it for you? You know what? You may physically own the photograph, but you technically don't own its copyright — the stranger does, even though the picture is of you, it was taken with your camera, it was saved onto your SD card, and it's safely in your possession. The copyright of a photograph doesn't belong to the person who owns the equipment or the media the photo is saved on, even if that same person is in the picture. Copyright belongs to the person who created the image by fixing it to a particular medium — and that person is whoever clicked the shutter. Gawker didn't create the footage, so they didn't own it. (Fun Fact: Thanks to a recent court decision, you can't claim the copyright to a photo you've taken if you're **a monkey**.)

News value: Part of Gawker's defense was based on what they called the on-going public interest in celebrity sex tapes. That's a cute idea, but one that the jury ultimately rejected. The fact that Hulk Hogan appeared in a sex tape is not in the public interest in and of itself; these days, it's more newsworthy that a celebrity *hasn't* been caught with their pants down. Sure, the fact that the Hulkster was fucking the wife of then-best friend and radio personality Bubba the Love Sponge has tons of curiosity value, but it has little or no effect on the public's right to know how the Hulkster's 24-inch pythons stack up to the python he just couldn't keep in his tights.

Record-Keeping Requirements: One law we were surprised wasn't a factor at trial was 18 U.S.C. § 2257, also called the **Child Protection and Enforcement Act of 1988** and referred in the porn biz (through clenched teeth) as "2257." The 2257 statute demands that every time a porn performer shows up on set to have sex on film, they must show legal, valid proof (a driver's license or passport) that they're over the age of 18. As its name implies, the statute was ostensibly passed as a measure to combat child pornography, although it's widely seen as a legal way to **harass porn producers**. Fair enough. No one in the mainstream commercial adult-film industry wants to film underage people having sex. The insanity of the 2257 law is the fact that proof of age has to be shown every single time an actor or actress works (and by "works," we mean "fucks") for a porn company, regardless of how many times they've worked for the company beforehand, and regardless of the person's documented age, meaning that every single time, say, **Nina Hartley** — who was born in 1959 — has sex on film, she has to prove she's over 18 years old. And the company she's shooting for has to keep that proof on file.

So if Nina shoots 100 scenes for the same porn company (which is very likely), she has to show proof of age, and the company has to file it away. Multiply that by the number of actors and actresses a porn company shoots over the course of a year, multiply that by the number of sex scenes shot over the course of a year, and multiply that by the number of porn companies in the porn industry, and you have a shitload of paperwork that needs to be maintained for a problem that basically doesn't exist. One of several amendments to the law creates what are called "secondary producers" — or someone who reproduces such pictures or film in magazines, DVDs, or on a website, like Gawker — who need to obtain a Certificate of Exemption stating that the company they got the footage in from has their paperwork properly executed in the first place.

Denton, Daulerio, and Gawker Media (Gawker.com's parent company) have naturally said they'll appeal the judgement, which their lawyers naturally think will be reduced or even dismissed. I'm not a betting man, but I'd be willing to put some dough on the fact that they'll lose that as well. And you can take that to the bank.

The Hulk Hogan Sex Tape isn't the first celebrity porn to be unearthed, and we doubt it'll be the last. So until the next big scandal hits the courts (or TMZ), check out this no-bullshit guide to celebrity sex tapes.

Jayne Kennedy and Leon Isaac Kennedy (ca. 1982)

Long Story Short: Groundbreaking African-American sports bunny gets a hand from actor and soon-to-be-ex-husband.

The Breakdown: Leon, the star of the boxer-in-prison *Penitentiary* film franchise, supposedly leaked the tape during the pair's nasty breakup.

The Action: The former *NFL Today* cohost is a world-class hump, whether she's grinding her big, beautiful booty on Leon's cock or massaging his nuts while he crams two fingers up her ass. She gives tasty head, too, knocking his cock back like a shot of cheap tequila. Jayne's up for just about anything — and by tape's end, just about anything is up her. The tape is notorious for its showstopping fisting scene.

Stop, Look, and Listen: The tape was made in their home with the radio playing in the background, so the soundtrack is killer. Watching them pose naked to Blondie's "Rapture" is cute, but watching Leon's handiwork during Herman's Hermits' "I'm Into Something Good" is hilarious.

Availability: This is why God invented Google.

The Go-Go's (ca. 1983)

Long Story Short: High-flying, inebriated pop princesses stir up some shit, only to have it rain down on them years later.

The Breakdown: This one puts the "scandal" in "celebrity sex scandal," and for good reason. When David, a member of the Go-Go's' road crew, is too shitfaced to get hard enough to jerk off in a hotel bathroom, Belinda Carlisle and Kathy Valentine try to get a fan named Elaine to blow him. She says no, so the gang raps about sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Basically it's the new-wave version of the Rolling Stones' *Cocksucker Blues*, without the cocksucking.

The Action: Dave passes out in bed and Valentine tries to wake him up by smearing him with shaving cream, stuffing a vibrator up his ass, and giving him a hot foot. She succeeds.
The Best Line: A bleary-eyed Carlisle slurs, “This is gonna be real interesting to show one day, huh?” The answer to that one would be “Yes!”
Availability: Not hard to find. An edited version of this tape was sold for years, bundled with Rob Lowe’s and Chuck Berry’s sexcapades.

Rob Lowe (ca.1988)
Long Story Short: Brat Pack heartthrob gets caught with his pants down but keeps his dignity intact.
The Breakdown: The tape you’ve seen on the Internet and TV isn’t the famous footage shot during the 1988 Democratic convention in Atlanta that apparently featured Lowe with two women, one of whom was underage. This more widely circulated video features Lowe with a girl and another guy.
The Action: Though it’s grainy, you can still see that what Lowe lacks in dramatic chops, he makes up for with chops of another kind. He pounds away at his special friend for a good ten minutes at a stretch before calling time-out for a beer and letting his friend take over. Between the pixels, it seems like Lowe’s got a pretty impressive package.
Blink and You’ll Miss: Rob Lowe drinks Miller!
Availability: Copies are available bundled with the Go-Go’s and Chuck Berry footage.

Chuck Berry (ca. late 1980s)
Long Story Short: Fifties rock ’n’ roll guitar hero gets exposed as urophilic bad boy.
The Breakdown: Berry’s as prolific a pornographer as he is a songwriter, with both careers producing a trail of classics. His nude pics were published in *High Society*, whom he sued, and his private sex tapes were made public. He’s also been suspected of putting videocameras in the women’s room of his Missouri restaurant.

The Action: The sex is pretty run-of-the-mill; it's Berry's fetishes that make this one a keeper. When he's not pissing on his girlfriend or having her shake his freshly drained vein, he farts in her face while she blows him.
Now We Get It: He did write "The Wee Wee Hours," didn't he?
Availability: In edited form, with the Rob Lowe and Go-Go's tapes.

Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillooly (ca. late 1980s)
Long Story Short: Knee-capping ice queen goes for the long green and unwittingly starts a cottage industry.
The Breakdown: Tonya and Jeff tried to revive her failing career by selling off what was hyped as a "honeymoon tape," marketed for sale exclusively by *Penthouse* magazine.
The Action: Exactly how you'd think fucking a white-trash princess like Harding would be: interesting for the first few minutes but for the most part, nothing special.
Oh, Really?: Even though Harding's wearing a wedding dress in the beginning, it wasn't her wedding night. It was a Halloween costume. No wonder this is so scary.
Availability: It sold thousands of copies in the past, but the only way to see this one is if a buddy has a VHS tape lying around.

Pamela Anderson and Bret Michaels (ca. 1994)
Long Story Short: Surprisingly resilient sex queen survives her first potential career-wrecker.
The Breakdown: This was filmed after a 1994 Halloween party and later swiped by a "friend" who saw dollar signs and got nothing but headaches. In 1998, Anderson and Michaels successfully sued to keep the tape under wraps, but by that time everyone and their brother already had a copy.
The Action: Pam strips and then plays with her tits for a good ten minutes — and they are a good ten minutes — before Michaels comes in. She gives him a slow, loving blowjob, then mounts him. Michaels eats her pussy then fucks her missionary-style. A second part of the tape is much higher quality but only a few minutes long; it shows her fucking him cowgirl while she flashes her bunghole.
Did You Know?: The metal bad boy likes to cuddle! Aww!

Availability: The Internet

Ted Turner and Jane Fonda (ca. early 1990s, allegedly)

Long Story Short (Allegedly): Media mogul gets cornholed by his commie sympathizer-turned-workout guru wife, then gets his ass saved by a porn mogul.

The Breakdown (Allegedly): This baby was presumably only given one public screening when a solicitor brought it to the offices of Larry Flynt and *Hustler* magazine, hoping to sell it for around $1 million.

The Action (Allegedly): This one's so rare even I haven't seen it. According to a friend who did, the tape features CNN founder Ted Turner in a three-way with then-wife Jane Fonda and another woman. Jane and Ted have never commented on it, but there's good reason to believe the tape does exist. In his porn memoir *Prisoner of X*, former *Hustler* editor Allan MacDonell (not the friend I just mentioned) writes about having viewed it with Flynt in his office. Though the *Hustler* founder and top dog didn't buy this tape, he purchased a different TT sex tape and gave it to Turner as a token. A token of what, exactly, I can't imagine.

Best Line (Allegedly): Jane's dildo falls out of Ted's ass and he barks, "Damn it, Jane. You always do that when I'm ready to come!"

Availability: In your fuckin' dreams, buddy.

Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee (ca. 1994)

Long Story Short: Living, breathing blow-up doll and her rock-star hubby share their love with the world.

The Breakdown: The *Star Wars* of celebrity sex tapes was found in a safe stolen from the couple's home. The tape was widely bootlegged, and when a porn company threatened to sell copies online, Pam and Tommy sued for invasion of privacy and copyright infringement (remember, Tommy shot the tape, so he own its copyright), and each was awarded at least $740,000. Naturally, a deal was struck to release the vid legally. The official *Pam & Tommy Lee: Hardcore & Uncensored* did boffo box and was *Adult Video News* magazine's top-selling and top-renting release of 1999.

The Action: Sorry, but the banging is b-o-o-o-ring. Sure, Pam gives her well-hung hubby some spirited head, throws him a quickie, and takes a come shot on her tummy, but they're so obviously and obnoxiously in love it's like watching your parents fuck. Okay, maybe not your parents, but somebody's parents.
Did You Know?: Tommy has a big dick, but he comes in less than a minute.
Availability: Any adult-video store will have it, unless they're sold out.

Vince Neil and Janine Lindemulder (ca. mid-1990s)
Long Story Short: Once-relevant hair-band messiah beds otherwise-Sapphic sex queen and a nation yawns.
The Breakdown: America's hunger for rock-star porn is further fed when Internet Entertainment Group acquires this rough-cut gem, which surprisingly has no legal drama attached. We're sure that Mötley Crüe's female demographic was dying to check this out, but by tape's end Neil proves that even though he managed to bag one of the biggest sex symbols in America, he's no Tommy Lee.
The Action: The only reason to check this out is because the well Neil dips his nib into is Janine Lindemulder, the Penthouse Pet-turned-porn star who was famous for only doing women on film for most of her career (this was actually her first officially released boy-girl scene, about a decade before her crossover film *Maneater*). Nestled away in a tropical paradise, Neil, Janine, and a sexy female friend explore some caves, then Neil does a little spelunking of his own back at their bungalow, chowing down on the happy hussies before making porno history with the beautiful blonde Janine.
Fun Fact: The sexy friend whose face was blurred out for contractual reasons is widely believed to be Penthouse Pet Brandy Ledford.
Availability: Sold in your finer smut emporia under the title *Janine & Vince Neil: Hardcore & Uncensored*.

Gena Lee Nolin and former husband Greg Fahlman (ca. 1993)
Long Story Short: Pam Anderson Lite has her own sex tape, with even less spectacular results.

The Payoff: According to press accounts, Nolin's flack has said Nolin herself leaked this in 2004 — the same year she divorced Fahlman and started dating hockey player Cale Hulse. It was reportedly being hawked to porn companies for $1 million but was never made legally available.

The Sex: *Baywatch* fans creamed at the thought of seeing Gena Lee Nolin sans her trademark red swimsuit, but this tape, probably made around 1993, is one ugly affair. Fahlman makes her strip, but she's hurting from breast surgery so she makes it quick. He keeps barking orders at her, telling her to get on all fours. The schlumpy Fahlman does her doggie-style for a few seconds before she says it hurts too much, then she gives his dick a quick suck and begs off so they can watch the tape. She clearly isn't into any of it and bad-mouths him the entire time. Frankly, we'd rather watch Hasselhoff eat a burger.

Blink and You'll Miss: Gena gives her panties a quick sniff before tossing them on the floor.

Availability: The proverbial black market.

Eve (ca. 1999)

Long Story Short: Rhyme-spitting fashion diva gets pronged by literal and figurative jerk-off.

The Breakdown: Yet another music star makes yet another sex tape that gets leaked, yet again, onto the Internet.

The Action: The former Philly stripper gets pumped with a dildo while her partner jacks off. End of story.

Blink and You'll Miss: Almost everything, since the online clip is only 20 seconds long.

Availability: None.

Paris Hilton and Rick Salomon (ca. 2001)

Long Story Short: Inexplicably fascinating celebutard turns unwitting porn star and finally gets a job.

The Breakdown: For some reason, the Hilton Hotel heiress was banging the well-hung Salomon and for some reason trusted him enough to let him tape it. This is the result of

their first video escapade. In 2006, the bootleg version became the third most-watched video online, logging a considerable 400 million hits until we, for one, stopped counting. The officially released version, *1 Night in Paris*, was *AVN*'s top-selling and top-renting release of 2005.

The Action: She takes Salomon's healthy cock with barely a shudder, but not surprisingly, she seems more interested in watching herself on the monitor. The then-19-year-old rich girl looks like a refugee from *Meerkat Manor* in the tape's much-parodied night-vision footage, but the full-color blowjob scene is rock-solid.

Blink and You'll Miss: Paris almost showing something approaching actual human emotion, but not quite.

Availability: Any good online smut shop.

R. Kelly (ca. 2002)

Long Story Short: High-rollin' soulster lets his taste for water sports and young girls (and we mean young) out of the closet, and somehow manages to stay out of jail.

The Breakdown: Kelly, who married the late R&B star Aaliyah when she was 15, got busted after the *Chicago Sun-Times* reported the existence of a sex tape featuring, among other charming scenes, him with a girl who was allegedly 14 years old at the time. Kelly was ultimately **cleared of child pornography** charges because the girl couldn't be positively identified; his other partner from the video later claimed to believe the girl was 16 at the time.

The Action: Don't make us do this.

Availability: Not worth the risk.

Fred Durst and Masha Novoselova (ca. 2003)

Long Story Short: Rap-metal meathead gets laid, hacked, and ultimately owned.

The Breakdown: Hot on the heels of the Paris Hilton cellphone hack came news that some enterprising techie swiped this baby from Durst's computer — or Sidekick, depending on which version you hear.

The Action: Durst is such a flatliner in the sack (or just soooo self-absorbed) that at one point he turns the camera away from his dick and onto his own face. Surprisingly, you can tell the difference.
Fun Fact: Fred's cock isn't as small as chat-room trolls would have you believe.
Availability: You don't really wanna go there, do you?

Gene Simmons and Traci Anna Koval (ca. 2003)
Long Story Short: You wanted the best and you got… grainy B&W nannycam-quality footage of KISS founder Gene Simmons banging adult model **Traci Anna Koval** in a hotel room.
The Breakdown: Filmed without his knowledge in 2003, Simmons bought the footage (and its copyright) shortly after it was recorded. In 2008, a site called GenesSecret.com (don't waste your time, it's gone) offered a one-minute teaser from the eight-minute original with the promise of more to come with a paid membership; to his credit, Simmons successfully had the site shut down. Interestingly enough, the site launched mere weeks before the third-season premiere episode of *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*, which was set to reveal the results of the previous season's cliffhanger lie detector test determining whether The Demon had actually slept with 4,800 women. Who woulda thunk it?
The Action: Not surprisingly, the world's biggest sexual narcissist comes off as just that. He doesn't use his trademark tongue on Traci at all, he just drops his pants, leaves his T-shirt on (thank god), slithers into a rubber (thank god), then mounts Traci missionary before some cowgirl and doggie-style. At one point he practically head butts her when they're changing positions, which they seem to discuss like Gene's negotiating a licensing deal.
Please, God, Make It Stop: Like the Jayne Kennedy tape, the best thing here is the radio playing in the background. The pair fuck to the almost-too-good-to-be-true soundtrack of "I Wanna Know What Love Is" by Foreigner and the Steve Perry hit "Oh Sherrie (Hold On)," which is pretty funny when he's hitting her doggie-style.
Availability: The entire clip is available online if you know where to look.

Joanie "Chyna" Laurer and Sean "X-Pac" Waltman (ca. 2004)

Long Story Short: Grappling ginch and insignificant other jump on the celeb-porn gravy train.

The Breakdown: Whether this was "stolen," "leaked," or intentionally marketed, the former WWE starlet was really just continuing the career trajectory started by her 2000 spread in *Playboy*.

The Action: Better than you'd think. Joanie's surprisingly hot in faux dominatrix gear, but she's also a surprisingly docile and compliant sex puppet. She sucks cock like a pro and, in the tape's best scene, takes it up the ass like she's maybe done it once or twice before. *AVN*'s top-selling release of 2006.

Look Away or You'll See: The forest of acne peppering Joanie's otherwise accommodating glutes.

Availability: Most online porn retailers.

Jenna Lewis and Travis Wolfe (ca. 2004)

Long Story Short: *Survivor* also-ran trumps Mark Burnett with a sex scandal that was more marketing than mischief.

The Breakdown: Shortly before the live finale of *Survivor: All-Stars*, America learned that one of the players was all tore up over a honeymoon sex tape. When she mentioned that the tape was available on the Web, a reporter snooped around and learned that Jenna and her manager allegedly owned the site you could buy it from.

The Action: The appeal of the tape has outlived the marriage, and with good reason: It smokes. Jenna looks like a blast in the sack.

Best Line: After complimenting Wolfe's genetic makeup for enabling him to fuck so well, Lewis says, "That's right, I invoked the name of your mother while we're having sex. Now fuck me harder!"

Availability: A number of download sites.

Colin Farrell and Nicole Narain (ca. 2003)

Long Story Short: Playboy Playmate beds Irish bad boy for fun and…

The Breakdown: Farrell and Narain collaborated on this "strictly private and confidential" 13-minute video in 2003; two years later he sued her, celebrity-sex-tape broker David Hans Schmidt (who committed suicide after trying to extort a million dollars from Tom Cruise), and online smut peddler Internet Commerce Group to prevent its sale. Narain said she didn't know how it was leaked and agreed to help stop it, but Farrell again accused her of trying to profit from its distribution. Farrell got an injunction and has aggressively pursued anyone trying to make money from the tape ever since.
The Action: Farrell shouldn't have bothered hiding this. He comes off like a total stud, showing off his big cock, buff body, and ability to bag top-shelf tail. The sexiest part is watching Narain slide Farrell's cock into her mouth. The funniest part is watching her pull his pubes from her teeth. This beats *Alexander* by a long shot.
Best Dialogue: Narain: "Do you want to watch some porn?" Farrell: "I fookin' live on parn!"
Availability: The Internet, kids, if you're lucky.

Dustin "Screech" Diamond (ca. 2005)
Long Story Short: Former teen star revives failing career and performs an urban-legendary sex act.
The Breakdown: The real screech here isn't Diamond's character from *Saved by the Bell* but the floundering actor's gross attempt to get some attention as he sexes up two chicks in a real-life round of hide the salami. Diamond told MSNBC talk-show host Joe Scarborough that he and some unnamed B-list Hollywood buds play a game called "Poke 'Em," where they wager on who can commit the most outrageous sex act on film.
Blink and You'll Miss: The last shred of dignity Diamond might have had after he hawked T-shirts to save his house from foreclosure.
What the Fuck?: Diamond gives one gal the legendary "Dirty Sanchez," a high degree-of-difficulty bedroom maneuver that involves poking his finger up her ass so he can leave a thin fecal mustache on her upper lip upon withdrawal. You may be amused, but she was not.
Availability: Most adult online video stores.

Kim Kardashian and Ray J. (ca. 2007)

Long Story Short: Second-wave celebutard does a Paris Hilton and, for better or worse, a family dynasty is born.

The Breakdown: Vivid Entertainment made headlines with their tale of a **leaked tape**, which they then **bought for a hefty sum** and — after all the legal paperwork, including checks, had been signed — released *Kim Kardashian, Superstar* to the world. What was originally a roughly five-minute clip is given the Pam and Tommy Lee treatment with the addition of some vacation and holiday footage to bulk up the running time. Some of the sex is repeated to pad things out further, with the moaning and groaning dubbed in post-production.

The Action: Above and beyond Ray J.'s annoying habit of facing the camera to let… someone know how in control he is, the sex is pretty standard. If nothing else, the world finds out that Kim has a fabulous ass when she's getting the **prone bone**, and Ray J. isn't too shabby in the BBC department.

You Ain't Gonna See: A little water sports, because that shit was cut out.

Availability: It's all online, for sale or for free. Let your conscience be your guide.

Jimi Hendrix (ca. never, but the DVD came out in 2008)

Long Story Short: Vivid Entertainment's zeal to corner the celebrity porn market reaches an embarrassing low with *Jimi Hendrix: The Sex Tape*, an obvious repackaging of an anonymous '70s stag film as the Holy Grail of Celebrity Sex Tapes.

The Breakdown: A well-hung black dude who isn't Jimi Hendrix bangs two chicks who never got closer to the guitar god than their turntable. Modern-day interviews with Pamela Des Barres and Cynthia Plaster Caster fail to give this piece of crap the socially redeeming, quasi-documentary something or other it needed to justify its existence.

The Action: There is none, because it ain't Jimi Hendrix.

Blink and You'll Miss: Jimi Hendrix fucking two groupies, 'cuz that's not what you'll be seeing here.

Availability: Save your money. This thing's a hoax.

Passion Is a Fashion
(or, Nine Terror—, Uh, Alternative-Leaning Political Organizations Musicians Used as Cultural Camouflage Before Beyoncé Went All Bobby Seale on America's Ass)

There's a brand new talk, but it's not very clear
That people from good homes are talking this year (Fashion!)
It's loud and tasteless and I've heard it before
You shout it while you're dancing on the dance floor (Fashion!)
David Bowie, "Fashion"

You go, Beyoncé!

Jay-Z's better half has found a novel way to deal with the **hatahs** calling for Law Enforcement Officers who moonlight as concert security personnel to refuse to work her Formation tour, which kicked off last Wednesday. Fans who have drunk the "Lemonade" can now show Beyoncé the respect she demands by swaggering up to her merch table and buying a T-shirt whose message echoes that same sentiment put forth by **America's Mayor and others**: "Boycott Beyoncé."

For the proper tribute price of $45.

(Personally, I'd rather show up to her concert wearing a "**no its becky**" tee, but I bet there's only one.)

Why would anyone in their right mind want to deny themselves the experience of seeing and **maybe hearing** Beyoncé in a **live-ish** setting? The controversy started with her performance of "Formation" at **Super Bowl 50** earlier this year. Not only did she slap the NFL on the back for five decades of **non-profit**, **long-term, irreversible brain damage**, she wished the Black Panthers a Happy 50 with a foxy phalanx of Black Power wow factor, and she did it in front of an estimated 112 million people.

Most of the controversy following her performance led to discussion about what Black America — indeed, the average, reasonable citizen in general — would think if,

say, **Kid Rock** did some mic-rockin' in front of a huge Confederate flag, or if, say, **Ted Nugent** took the stage in full camo and offered some semi-automatic loving to the wife of First Black President Bill Clinton and the soon-to-be-First Half-Black President Barack Obama.

Of course, they *have* done that and — maybe rightfully, maybe not — people condemned them for it, because "racist" and "offensive" and "Symbols kill" instead of "Fuck you" and "Sticks and stones" and "Get ready, hon, *The Walking Dead*'s on soon." Much of Black America's discussion, into which sympathetic White America was invited, denied the other White America's right to outrage about the use of black militant imagery — undeniably analogous to their own outrage about the Confederate flag — by saying Bey's act was one of empowerment, not one cut from the same cloth as Rock's and Nugent's. At its heart, though, Beyoncé's act, like those of Rock, Nugent, Dimebag, Lynyrd Skynyrd, et al., is little more than that. An act.

Now that she's back on the road — with or possibly **without** the promise of **police protection** — that controversy is sure to be back in everyone's face real soon. So we'll bring everyone to the party by pointing out that the occasional Sasha Fierce wasn't breaking any new ground at the Super Bowl, because musicians have been wrapping themselves in the fabric of radical politics for decades. Given that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter, let's resist the urge to turn this into a debate about political ideologies and ask the really important questions: "Who Are You Wearing?" and "Who Wore It Best?"

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"The Black Panthers!"

Founded in 1966 by Bobby Seale and Huey Newton, the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense and their **10 Point Platform and Program** should be a modern-day Republican's wet dream: They demanded the right to self-determination; the right to curtail the federal government and change its policies to better serve The People in terms of economics, education, housing, and the basic necessities of human life; and **the right to carry assault rifles in public** to help them get what they want. But the

Panthers are more a Republican nightmare. My guess is that's because the folks doing the self-determinatin', curtailin', and brandishin' were black.

"Who Wore It Best?"

Public Enemy hit the end zone with the paramilitary look of S1W — spiking sales of **black M65s**, no doubt — but the extra point goes to **Yoko Ono**, who adopted a Black Panther look in the early '70s when she and Mr. Ono were actual known associates of radicals like the Yippies (all props to Bey and Jay's **licensing fee to Black Lives Matter**, of course). Not only was Yoko's look incredibly *au courant*, it came from someone who had (and still has) a little bit of radical in everything she does.

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"The Red Army Faction and Red Brigade!"

German journalist Ulrike Meinhof and political delinquents Andreas Baader and Gudrun Ensslin fought re-emerging fascism and rampant capitalism in late-Sixties Germany with fire (and guns and bombs) and, irony of ironies, curtailed the German government right into passing its own version of the Patriot Act. Most of the world knew them as the **Baader-Meinhof Group** until they branded themselves the Red Army Faction, whose campaign of havoc, mayhem, and murder continued after the trio's (supposed) suicides in Stammheim prison and until the group's "third generation" incarnation voluntarily disbanded in 1998. **BREAKING, KINDA:** The **BBC reported** recently that three cash-strapped RAF members have been identified by DNA as suspects in several crimes including the attempted armed robbery of a bank van in Bremen, Germany, in June 2015.

The Red Brigade (Brigade Rosse), their ideological counterparts in Italy, used similar tactics and cemented their place in history with the kidnapping and murder of former Christian Democrat Prime Minister Aldo Moro in 1978.

"Who Wore It Best?"

Clash frontman **Joe Strummer** often wore a red T-shirt with the words "Brigade Rosse" surrounding a large star with a submachine gun and the initials "RAF," an image taken from the cover of a handbook written by Meinhof in 1970. The Clash would flirt with all sorts of sexy revolutionary fashion, from Comrade Strummer's "Rebel Truce"

shirt to the Nicaraguan chic of *Sandinista!* to the Viet Nam-ish army motif of *Combat Rock*.

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"Black Widows!"

Black Widows, also called *shahidkas*, are Islamic Chechen women who wear burkas to cover their suicide vests, an idea recalling the BMG's "baby bombs," a dome covering an explosive strapped to a woman's belly to make her look pregnant. Dating back to at least 2000 (apparently in response to losing husbands and brothers to the never-ending strife in Chechnya), Black Widows took center stage in the terrorism scene with their role in the 2002 occupation of a Moscow theater in which more than 800 people were held hostage and 170 were killed, mostly by a chemical agent pumped into the theater by Russian police to subdue the kidnappers.

"Who Wore It Best?"

After faux-lesbo duo T.a.T.u. went the way of all good things, Russian music producer Ivan Shapovalov conspired with singer Natalya Shevlyakova to create **n.A.T.o.**, as calculated an on-stage musical persona as Alice Cooper, David Bowie, or Kelly Clarkson. n.A.T.o. was scheduled to perform her first concert in Moscow on September 11, 2004, but the show was postponed until January 2005; entrance to the show was guaranteed with a ticket resembling an airplane boarding pass. Surrounded by bodyguards wearing balaclavas and toting (hopefully) fake ordnance, n.A.T.o. stormed the stage dressed in a hijab and niqab and performed songs including her first single, "Chor Javon," a not-unimpressive bit of anti-war ethno-pop sung in Tajik. One video for the song features Shevlyakova making a martyrdom tape, intercut with news clips mentioning attacks by Al Qaeda; the money shot comes when a flash of yellow light makes it appear she's blown herself up.

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"The Tamil Tigers!"

The mid-'70s soldiers of the Eelam Revolutionary Organization of Students (EROS), seeking an independent Tamil province in Sri Lanka, were absorbed into the Liberation

Tigers of Tamil Eelam (LTTE), also known as the Tamil Tigers — the reported inventors of the suicide belt — who successfully captured control of the northern peninsula of that country in the mid-'80s. After losing the land in 1987 and killing a former Indian Prime Minister — along with the Sri Lankan President and about 70,000 other people — they were finally outgunned in the early 2000's. Soldiers who weren't killed at the end of the group's campaign were captured and officially announced as "rehabilitated" in 2011.

"Who Wore It Best?"

That would be British-born, bird-flipping, Sri Lankan rapper and sample enthusiast **M.I.A.**, whose father Arul Pragasam — one of the founders of EROS — was the namesake of her debut album *Arular*. M.I.A. is no stranger to **pissing people off** at the **Super Bowl** herself or creating **controversy over the use of terroristic images** in videos for songs including but not limited to "**Born Free**" (which shows red-headed whites being rounded up and abused by jackbooted government forces); "Paper Planes," a song about immigration; and "Borders," her take on the Syrian migrant crisis.

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"The Symbionese Liberation Army!"

Possibly the world's first group of white black supremacists — led by African-American career criminal, Soledad Prison alum, and plum-wino Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze — the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) was best known for the 1974 kidnapping of Patty Hearst, the robbery of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco, and the death of six of its members in a shoot-out with the LAPD during which their not-so-safehouse was burned to the ground on live TV. A photograph of Hearst (whom the group had rechristened Tania, after Che Guevara's lover) holding a machine gun and standing in front of the group's seven-headed snake symbol remains one of the most powerful political pictures of the '70s.

"Who Wore It Best?"

Madonna is seen in superslinky pseudo-terror threads in the booklet for her 2003 CD *American Life*, a disk thematically inspired by the social and political aftermath of 9/11. While the CD cover recalls Alberto Korda's classic photo of Che Guevara, other pics show the Material Girl more Tania than Che with the tasteful addition of guns and bullet

belts (her look was definitely Hearst-inspired during a **promotional performance** at Tower Records in New York City celebrating the CD's release). While it's nice to think that Madonna's so prescient she presented the genderfluid intersectionality between Che and Tanya as a statement on the socio-political morphing of a masculine/feminine paradigm, it was probably just a happy coincidence.

The "Patty-as-Tania" fantasy has been exploited plenty over the years. Director and Patty Hearst fetishist **John Waters** artistically liberated Hearst's kidnapping in 2000 for the guerrilla filmmaking comedy *Cecil B. Demented* (whose poster was a slick play on Heart's Tania pic), about which Hearst once said, "I told him I really should sue him for copyright infringement." Five years later, stand-up comic and one-woman porno niche market **Margaret Cho** posed for the cover of her absolutely fabulously empowering CD *Assassin* and its accompanying book *I Have Chosen to Stay and Fight* (Patty's declaration of war from a taped communique after she "joined" the SLA) in a beret-and-olive-drab ensemble, slinging a mic the way Hearst slung a gat. Other tributes have come from unfortunately unsung musical acts like **Tanya and the Revolutionaries** and **Patty Hurst Shifter**.

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"Nazis (and Commies)!"

NRA aside, no right-wing Twentieth century political organization has gotten as much fashion play as the Nazis. Adolf Hitler made known his intention to co-opt the Sanskrit symbol of good fortune for the Nazi party in 1925, paying an attention to the color scheme, line weight, and placement of the symbol that would have made Milton Glaser proud, if, well, you know. . . . The swastika was an integral part of the Nazi party's visual identity, appearing on flags, armbands, badges, currency, and the foreheads of its latter-day political adherents.

"Who Wore It Best?"

Nazi imagery was a common thread in late-'70s London punk-rock fashion, generally for no other reason than it pisses people off. Sex Pistols bassist **Sid Vicious** and Banshees vocalist **Siouxsie Sioux** openly wore swastika T-shirts and armbands, respectively, while Pistols frontman Johnny Rotten's "Destroy" T-shirt added Christ on an inverted

cross to the mix. That shirt, like all things punky, was available for purchase in the store Sex, run by designer Vivienne Westwood and Pistols mastermind Malcolm McClaren, who the previous year took the New York Dolls out of dresses and high heels and put them on-stage in **red patent leather** in front of a **Communist flag**.

Hard rock and heavy metal acts got in on the fun, too, to a lesser degree. Led Zeppelin guitarist and Aleister Crowley groupie Jimmy Page wore what came to be known as the "Stormtrooper outfit" onstage with the band on April 10, 1977, a move that shocked and confused the fans who noticed (Zep was a decidedly non-political band throughout its tenure as the biggest act in rock). One person who did notice was rock journalist Liz Derringer, who asked Pagey about it during an interview for *Creem* magazine in 1985:

CREEM: Speaking of religion, I just want to ask you, why did you wear Nazi regalia on stage at one time? You had upset some people.

Jimmy Page: Good. How could I put this? I could have thrown this back really well, but I can't, not with you. Yeah, well I tell you, I'd rather have the whole backstage, instead of how it is now, draped [with] a Nazi flag, the Confederate flag, the Japanese flag, just so people get sort of shocked out of their inhibitions. Whereby, if they need to, most people don't have these prejudices. The past is the past, is the past, is the past. But it can shock people, and sometimes people really need to be disturbed.

Speaking of Stormtroopers, the most obvious use of Nazi symbols in rock was committed by KISS, the last two letters of whose logo bears a striking resemblance to the Nazi Schutzstaffel logo. Designed by guitarist and former art student Ace Frehley, the logo raised surprisingly little ire among the band's critics, who always seemed more concerned with their dubious connections to Satan and any palpable musical talent, but one place where the logo absolutely would not fly was in Germany, where possession of Nazi-themed memorabilia and symbols is strictly outlawed. In 1980, the band altered their iconic logo for use specifically in the fatherland, rounding the corners of the lightning bolts to look like more like a letter of the alphabet.

The strongest criticism of the band's potential Nazi leanings comes from Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons — who are both Jewish — against both Frehley and former

drummer Peter Criss, both of whom Stanley accuses of anti-semitism in his book **Face the Music: A Life Exposed**.

Not to be out done by anyone, anywhere, at any time, about anything, the late, great Lemmy Kilmister of Mötorhead was as well-known for his collection of Nazi memorabilia as he was for his moles and muttonchops. There are countless photos of Lemmy wearing Nazi gear onstage and off, and over the years band's merch has featured takes on WWII German militaria with varying degrees of subtlety.

"Who Are You Wearing?"

"Che Guevara!"

Ernesto "Che" Guevara is best known by people who don't wear shirts with his face on them as an Argentine doctor determined to kick U.S.-led capitalists out of Latin America by becoming a revolutionary guerrilla. He aligned himself with Fidel and Raul Castro and became a high-ranking soldier in the Cuban Revolution, bringing down the regime of Fulgencio Batista, installing Castro in power in 1959 and facilitating the Bay of Pigs crisis in 1962 with the addition of Soviet missiles to Cuba's arsenal. His later search for worldwide revolution led him to the jungles of Kinshasa and Bolivia, where he was captured and executed by C.I.A.-trained forces in 1967.

"Who Wore It Best?"

Rage Against the Machine

Los Angeles agit-rockers **Rage Against the Machine** dressed themselves, their equipment, their stage and, most importantly, their fans in Che's face, breathing new life into a symbol of youthful rebellion (or youthful ignorance, depending on how far back you push the goalposts) and creating a new target market for Communist propaganda in the process. That RATM also turned Che into a Bolivian Hello Kitty by encouraging like-minded capitalists to plaster his mug on everything from jackets to sneakers to onesies is almost as ironic as the fact that they're former Speaker of the House Paul Ryan's **favorite band**. **Or not**.

The Naked Truth Behind PETA

From porn stars to pubic hair, this group uses sex in its fight for animal rights

Over the past few years the line between mainstream entertainment and its hard-core brother has continued to blur, with more and more adult performers — usually female — being featured in more and more prominent roles. Some are the kind of roles you'd expect porn stars to play: sensationalist, trite, and oftentimes bimbo-ish appearances on the Howard Stern show; dozens of cameo appearances as little more than window-dressing in rock music videos; and maybe even a few comedic parts in which the ladies essentially play themselves. If you're lucky you'll see a porn actress get a dramatic, albeit minor role in a major motion picture, as Veronica Hart and Nina Hartley did in Paul Thomas Anderson's film *Boogie Nights*.

And once in a blue moon a blue-movie star will make the kind of cross-over that surprises even the most pie-eyed industry watcher. One such woman is hard-core actress Serenity, a contract player for Wicked Pictures and star of such videos as *Crazed*, *Double Feature*, and *Pornogothic*. If you haven't seen any of those films, you may have caught her on television as hostess of the E! Channel's *Wild On . . .* specials, where she takes viewers around the world, brightening up exotic locales in Hawaii and the Caribbean with her own natural beauty. But the lean, sexy blonde with a love for Renaissance Faires and Diabolo has a more deep-seated passion: animal rights, specifically as it concerns the use of animal skins as fashion accessories. So you shouldn't be surprised by her appearance in an anti-leather campaign sponsored by **People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals** (PETA). "Dead animal skins make a person look cold," she says of her tendency to, well, fake it. "With today's hot, stylish synthetics, it's easy to 'pleather yourself.'"

Featuring a porno actress in a mainstream campaign like this is the latest in a long line of publicity stunts that reflect the organization's sex-positive nature, and another example of the Virginia-based group's media savvy taken to its logical extreme — and for an organization with a rep for being extreme, that's saying something. (Although PETA has certainly earned that rep for stunts like [fake] blood-soaked

protests outside fur stores, they dropped their traditional in-your-face approach last year, opting for a kinder and gentler way of gaining people's support.)

The adult industry's involvement in the animal-rights movement is not a new development. Other porn actresses like Dyanna Lauren have donated their time and effort to PETA. For years the *Adult Video News* awards show — porno's answer to the Oscars, held every year in Las Vegas — has been a fur-free event, with those not in compliance asked to check their skins at the door. And the industry's commitment seems to be ongoing. *Playboy* progeny Kimberly Hefner unveiled a new campaign (and parts of herself) when she showed up in the military newspaper *Stars and Stripes* dressed as a buxom Uncle Sam telling America's fighting forces, "I Want You . . . To Go Vegetarian!"

With such endorsements, members of the adult community have joined a small and for the most part consistent group of mainstream celebrities who lend their star power to the PETA cause. That list famously includes the Paul McCartney clan and actors James Cromwell (star of *Babe*, who helps promote vegetarianism) and Hollywood heartthrob Joaquin Phoenix, a lifelong vegan who insisted on specially made pleather costumes for his role in the film *Gladiator*. But animal rights isn't just a cause for bleeding-heart liberals. You can hear what right-wing talk-show host and author G. Gordon Liddy thinks of the issue in his radio commercial denouncing the March of Dimes for using donations to fund animal experiments for medical purposes. It would "make far more sense to have that money go into saving human babies' lives through sensible human clinical studies," Liddy declares.

While the sight of a pleather-clad Serenity in kinky bondage gear and faux cowboy duds is indeed explosive, it's hardly the group's first attempt at proving the widely held-notion that sex sells. The most eye-catching bombshells in the PETA ad canon have always included a little ass with their sass, and nowhere is that sass (and ass) more visible than in PETA's notorious "I'd Rather Go Naked Than Wear Fur" campaigns. The first ads appeared in 1991 featuring actress Kim Basinger, supermodel Christy Turlington, and musician Melissa Etheridge posing in a various states of semi-undress. Over the years other Hollywood and recording notables have followed suit in their birthday suits, the Go-Go's, Pamela Anderson, and Sheryl Lee among them. Since

then, PETA's anti-fur ads have gotten considerably more in-your-face, culminating in a recent campaign in which the torso of a model wearing a bathing suit reveals a clearly unkempt bikini line, tagged with the legend "Fur trim. Unattractive."

Not everyone in the animal rights movement is comfortable with PETA's racy campaigns, however. While certainly on the same page with PETA as far as animal rights goes, noted eco-feminist and political activist Carol J. Adams, author of *The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist-Vegetarian Critical Theory*, is intensely critical of the "I'd Rather Go Naked" ads. In decrying the PETA advertisement featuring Patti Davis, the daughter of ex-President Ronald Reagan, who posed with Hugh Hefner's pet dog, she equates the layout with bestiality porn, writing, "The problem is not that PETA fails to recognize the interconnection of treatment of animals and treatment of women. The problem is that unless they understand male sexual violence and how it is that subjectification takes place under patriarchy, they won't truly understand violence against animals."

PETA's concerns extend far beyond the issue of fur, however. They've taken hard-line stands on topics including the use of animals in entertainment (most specifically circuses), meat-eating, hunting, and medical experiments involving animals, and in many cases have come up with sexy layouts to spread the word. A collection of "Recipes for Sexy Bodies," part of their "Lettuce Ladies" campaign to draw people to a vegetarian lifestyle, include Lascivious Lasagna, Sexy "Sausage" Marinara and Virile Veggie Pizzas. The group even raises vegetarian consciousness by hitting people where they live with quizzical questions like "True or False: Eating meat makes you virile." PETA maintains the answer is no, since the cholesterol in meat clogs arteries going to *all* your organs. A few years back they made their point with a notorious billboard in which another bikini-clad model — this one clutching a string of sausages — complained that she gave a party and "the cattlemen couldn't come" because "eating meat can cause impotence."

Personal appearances also figure into the PETA game plan. Semi-nude — and erotically body-painted — models like Lisa Franzetta have been spotted outside circuses around the country, crawling around in cages to protest the use of animals as entertainment. "I plan to exercise my right to bare arms, legs, and the rest of me to

defend animals," she laughs. The group even stationed demonstrators as far away as Milan, Moscow, and Hong Kong. At the last location, a group of compassionate dominatrices in "sin-thetic" outfits carried signs reading "Latex In, Leather Out!" while protesting at the Asia-Pacific Leather Fair. The girls were in good company on that front; the previous year Go-Go's guitarist Jane Weidlin came out to the press about her second sideline — working as a professional dominatrix — and described her preference for pleather bustiers and non-leather whips and riding crops.

With the continuing support from the world of adult entertainment becoming an increasingly exploitable part of PETA's public profile, it remains to be seen how far the envelope can be pushed, but one thing seems certain: If there's a cage keeping a helpless animal captive, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals will be there to rattle it.

previous contents next

The Three Stages of Reefer Madness

Eighty Years Later, the Original Stoner Movie Remains an Unlikely Hit

The Birth of *Reefer Madness*

Directed by long-forgotten French filmmaker Louis Gasnier, *Reefer Madness* was first released with the title *Tell Your Children* in 1936, the year before the Harry J. Anslinger Marijuana Tax Act made pot illegal in the United States. A cautionary tale supposedly bankrolled by a "local church group," it warned parents what would happen if America's youth took even one puff of the Devil's weed: Wild dancing and make-out parties, followed naturally by vehicular homicide, attempted rape, assault and battery, murder, insanity, and suicide. And there's no way you can watch it without laughing,

At least not today. The melodramatic cause-and-effect that drives its plot is a big part of its appeal as an unintentionally hilarious masterpiece. According to Eric Schaefer, associate professor at Emerson College in Boston and author of *Bold! Daring! Shocking! True!: A History of Exploitation Films, 1919 – 1959*, "Personal hygiene movies and anti-drug movies shown in classrooms weren't content with saying, 'You should know about this.' Rather than present things in a dispassionate way, they always had to go over-the-top to make their point. Then they become ridiculous."

They sure don't come much more ridiculous than *Reefer Madness*. The story of the soon-to-be-tragic teens is told by the stereotypically patrician and completely fictional Dr. Alfred Carroll, who starts the show by lecturing concerned parents about the menace of mar-ee-wannnna. Jitterbugging schoolkids pitching woo while reading "Romeo and Juliet" share screen time with shady characters like "Hot Fingers" Peroni, a hybrid of Gene Wilder and Frankenstein's Monster who plays piano at the local malt shop when he's not hiding in a closet burning a joint that turns him into a cackling, wild-eyed freak. The film's most famous bit of comic relief is murder-witness-in-hiding Ralph Wiley, who collapses in a chair puffing a huge joint while giggling maniacally and screaming at another pianist, "Play faster! Play faster!" (In the world of *Reefer Madness*, three things are for certain: No one ever passes a joint, weed makes everyone laugh like hyenas, and every room has a piano.)

These days *Reefer Madness* is lauded as high camp, but it was originally serious (and effective) anti-drug propaganda. Then as now, crime-based films were "advised" by law-enforcement agencies whose real job is making sure producers get the desired message across, and *Reefer Madness* was no different. "There wasn't any real research being done at the time," Schaefer says, "and often the people making these movies were at the mercy of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics to get their information, and [the makers of *Reefer Madness*] got much of that information directly from Harry Anslinger. He had his axe to grind and agenda to push, and these movies certainly helped passage of the Marijuana Tax Act." Ultimately, Schaefer says, "I think these movies created a lot more curiosity than they tamped down."

Reefer Madness Hits the Road

After playing what was probably an unimpressive number of high-school auditoriums and VFW halls, *Reefer Madness* might have been forgotten completely if not for Dwain Esper. A director and producer of exploitation films, Esper's greatest talent was his knack for coming up with film titles; his directorial body of work includes the movies *Sex Maniac*, *Narcotic Racket*, and *How To Undress for Your Husband*. As the story goes, Esper found a copy of *Tell Your Children* in 1938, saw its potential as a roadhouse attraction, gave it a sexier title, then it was showtime.

Reefer Madness made the rounds of small roadhouse theaters for the next decade or so, playing to a much different audience than before: people looking for a cheap thrill. Joe Kane, America's own Phantom of the Movies and publisher of *Videoscope* magazine, finds Esper's efforts at rebranding for the exploitation crowd less-than-successful. "It's much more effective as camp than as exploitation. I think that the people who went to those roadhouse screenings were probably very bored. They didn't get much sex. *Assassin of Youth* had skinny dipping, *Marihuana* had the lingerie party. *Reefer Madness*? You got the make-out scenes," he laughs. Still, Kane remembers the film fondly. "It still stands up as entertainment," he says. "It's a lot more fun than other anti-dope films. It's a lot less dingy. And you have this all-American, squeaky clean crowd of squares who you can't wait to see get violated."

Higher Education

After doing its time on the exploitation circuit, *Reefer Madness* might have been forgotten completely (again) if not for Keith Stroup. In the early ’70s, Stroup was a draw on the college lecture circuit as spokesman for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). After attending one presentation, Stroup’s speaking agent suggested that he check out *Reefer Madness*, mentioning that it had fallen into the public domain and was being offered for rental by his company (which would soon go on to make its name as New Line Cinema, thanks in large part to the coming success of *Reefer Madness*).

Stroup watched the movie — he remembers thinking it was “great for 10 or 15 minutes, otherwise it was the same exaggerated play on the dangers of marijuana for an hour” — and had a filmmaker friend edit it down to about 25 minutes. He credits that edit with really helping the film find its audience. “Kids were going to enjoy seeing it initially anyway, because it flies in the face of their own experiences. But students notoriously have a short attention span, so you don’t want to spend too much time on a silly movie, because you’re there speaking to them for a serious purpose.”

Whenever he could, Stroup integrated showings the film into his public appearances. “Every time I got an invitation to give a talk for NORML, I would immediately find out if it was an environment where they would feel comfortable with me bringing a copy of *Reefer Madness*.” he recalls. “Not every environment wanted it, obviously. Some people thought it wasn’t serious enough. If you’re going to testify before a city council, for example, I wouldn’t bring a copy of *Reefer Madness*.” Once it was re-reintroduced to America, *Reefer Madness* actually helped Stroup achieve his ultimate goal: “It forced people to confront the exaggerated allegations that had been the basis of our public policy.”

That’s exactly what people did, and look what’s happened since. Eighty years after the original anti-drug propaganda film helped turn smoking marijuana turn a crime, California turned the legacy of *Reefer Madness* on its head. So maybe the best way to celebrate one of the dopiest films of all is to sit back, light up, and have the last laugh.

Smoke the Toilet: The High Humor of Lenny Bruce

In the third episode of *The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel*, struggling stand-up comic Midge Maisel is in the alley behind a Greenwich Village jazz club smoking a joint with three musicians and her new friend, Lenny Bruce (she'd bailed him out after an obscenity bust, and he returned the favor a few days later). It's not surprising that Lenny shows up in the show, since the 1950s comedy scene was the foundation of Bruce's rise to fame. What is surprising is that he's shown smoking weed.

Because he didn't.

"I could never discuss or support anything I'm involved with," Lenny says in *The Essential Lenny Bruce*, a book of his routines transcribed and divided into chapters on race, religion, politics, and drugs, among others. "I don't smoke pot at all. I don't dig the high. It's a hallucinatory high, and I've got enough shit going on in my head . . . Therefore I can talk about pot, and champion it." And champion it he did, back in a time when saying the wrong thing onstage could land your ass in jail.

Once the most dangerous performer in America, Lenny is remembered more for the obscenity arrests and drug busts that derailed his career than for the humor that defined it. He's certainly not remembered for his pot comedy. Lenny's drugs of choice were heroin and speed; when he talked about those drugs onstage, it was usually in relation to his arrests. His more seasoned routines were about marijuana. He was no Cheech & Chong; satirizing the stereotypical stoner would have been too easy. Bruce's weed jokes were a delivery device for grander commentary on moral and legal hypocrisy, and they go a long way to showing how far ahead of his time Bruce really was.

Smoking Shit; The War on Drugs; Legalizing Pot

Lenny first mentioned herb on his 1959 album *The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce* in a bit called "Three Message Movies." Speaking about Hollywood films with an overly moralized "message," Lenny says he wants to see a film by a director so honest — or so hooked — that he'd bypass the desperate junkie in *The Man With the Golden Arm* for

“the well-adjusted narcotics addict and his family,” who proudly “put a little away each week for our habit!”

The film Bruce imagines tells the story of a stoner named Billy, who’s locked in the bathroom with “the stuff.” When Billy’s father Nunzio comes home, he smells something good. After his wife tells him she hasn’t started making dinner yet, he realizes that Billy is to blame. The tension rises and as his old man approaches the bathroom, the young hophead flushes his stash. Once his father leaves, Billy — realizing that his shit really *is* in the crapper — figures there’s only one thing to do: “Smoke the toilet!”

In “The Palladium,” Lenny’s epic twenty-minute routine from the 1960 LP *I Am Not a Nut, Elect Me*, piss-poor comic Frank Dell bullies his agent into getting him a gig in a decent theater instead of the dives he usually works. One of his selling points is his ability to play to everyone: eggheads, Jews, and potheads, identified with a familiar euphemism: “When I work to musicians, I do a bit called ‘Hep Smoke a Reefer’!” It may be one line out of many in the bit, but it’s notable that the decidedly un-hip Dell uses reefer in his bid for underground cred, unlike the message films parodied on Bruce’s previous LP, which portrayed marijuana as the assassin of youth.

As Lenny’s legend — and rap sheet — grew, he turned to topics that are as relevant today as they were then: the War of Drugs and the legalization of pot. His take on prosecuting drug addicts usually found the War on Drugs being won. Theorizing that at one time there were 7,000 dope fiends and fifty police officers, he notes that now there are 15,000 cops and four dopers. Much to the dismay of what you could quite rightfully call the Medical Industrial Complex, the empty rehab-clinic beds in Bruce’s bit ultimately signaled failure because they could be always filled — by arresting more people.

Sound familiar?

As early as 1961 Lenny was predicting that marijuana would be legal in five years. The reason? Because everyone knows a law student who smokes grass, and those law students will become lawyers who will become politicians who will change the laws to cover their own asses for smoking weed when they were in law school. Bruce’s spin on pot’s legal status wouldn’t be complete unless he pointed out its flipside. “You

know what I'd like to investigate?" he asks on the 1966 album *Lenny Bruce is Out Again* (Philles). "Zig-Zag cigarette papers!" He imagines the moment when the fuzz confronts the company about why people *really* use their product. "Mr. Zig-Zag, certainly it must have seemed unusual to you that Zig-Zag papers has been in business for sixteen years and Bugler tobacco has been out of business for five . . . This committee has come to the conclusion that people are using your Zig-Zag papers for rolling marijuana tobacco in it."

Mr. Zig-Zag replies, "Oh shit!"

"That's right! *Lots* of it! Rolling it and smoking it!"

The Philles version of *Lenny Bruce Is Out Again* was released by legendary music producer and Bruce supporter Phil Spector shortly after Lenny's death. Lenny had released his own version, with the same title and cover art, two years earlier, which is actually a completely different album with an alternate version of the Zig-Zag bit. In that version he asks the audience how much Zig-Zag shares are selling for on the stock market, then fantasizes that when the Treasury Department realizes what the papers are really being used for, they confront the owner, who agrees to leave the business.

The bit slides into the oft-made argument of pot versus booze, and even though he didn't smoke, Lenny proves he knew his shit. He puts someone who drinks for ten years up against someone who smokes reefer for the same amount of time . . . and compares them both when they stop cold turkey. Upon examination, the boozer "will suffer some absence syndromes. He'll need a taste, physically need a taste," while the guy who smoked pot "will have no discomfort. He is *not* addicted. Healthwise, the guy who juiced is a little screwed up . . . The pot smoker may end up with a little bronchitis. Maybe."

The Marijuana Economy; Stamp Help Out!; Busted

Lenny also understood the money to be made in what we now call The Marijuana Economy. At one point he riffed on how the sale of Zig-Zag papers are keeping Jewish groceries in business, even though they sell their products at outrageously high prices. "Ve screw 'em," the clueless grocer says. "Ve charge top prices, and the people come in here anyway. *They love me!*" he continues, ignorant to the fact that his customers are

looking for a different kind of service, buying “toilet paper, six cans of soup, a broom and, uh, *some cigarette papers*!” Lenny jokes that, after the grocer knows the score, he waits on a customer who buys papers — along with some tobacco so he actually *can* roll his own cigarettes — then does the only logical thing: He calls the cops and has the guy arrested.

Bruce staked his own claim to The Marijuana Economy in 1961 when he released *Stamp Help Out! and Other Short Stories*, a self-published magazine sold at his concerts. Not quite your typical souvenir program, it features a few high-octane essays like “How Dirty Is Your Toilet” and “A Chippie Off the Old Block,” but the bulk of *Stamp Help Out!* is a long section titled “The Pot Smokers,” a detailed, damning and decidedly dopey look at the marijuana subculture. In telling the downfall of marijuana victim Russell Dreck, Bruce gives examples of drug slang: “zonked,” featuring a picture of Lenny next to a tall pot plant; “viper,” illustrated with Lenny holding a snake; and “holding,” which defines “holding trees” with a pic of Lenny literally holding on to a tree.

Copies of the original booklet fetch an understandably hefty sum these days. According to *The Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, a compilation of interviews, letters, and other items that reprints *Stamp Help Out!* in slightly edited form, Lenny brought back all the copies he’d sold to bookstores in San Francisco following his 1961 bust at the hungry i nightclub out of concern they’d be used against him later at trial.

Lenny was probably right to be concerned. Getting busted became a constant theme in his life and art, and the two combined in some weird ways. A scene in the 1972 Bob Fosse film *Lenny* portrays Bruce being arrested onstage; that actually happened, at the Gate of Horn club in Chicago in 1962. A clip from the real-life gig available in the six-CD box set *Let The Buyer Beware* (Shout Factory) shows Lenny had just launched into his “pot will be legal” rap when there’s a disturbance in the crowd. A longer version of the recording heard on the aptly titled bootleg CD *Busted!* (from the also aptly titled label Viper’s Nest) reveals that Lenny had also just been talking about a marijuana arrest he saw in the paper. Again noting the hyperbole involved in anti-pot crusades, he mentions, “Eight marijuana cigarettes were seized, with a value of two million dollars on the retail market!” When it sounds like an audience member is about to get busted, Lenny jokes, “Flush it! Flush it down the toilet! Oh, they’ve turned the water off in the

basement, it's all over for you!" He laughs for a minute until he realizes that the person it's all over for is . . . Lenny Bruce.

Dirty Boots; Lenny Goes to College

Busted! isn't the only time Lenny's work found a less-than-legal release. Some contraband Bruce product was issued by Retrospect Records in 1967 as the three-record set *The Real Lenny Bruce* (which foreshadowed the release of the legitimate — and again completely different — double album of the same name by eight years). Clocking in at almost three hours, the bootleg material comes from radio broadcasts, Lenny's personal tapes, and "police files on both coasts" and boasts the weed tracks "Pot, Pills, and Drugs," in which Lenny calls out Big Pharma for their part in America's ongoing drug crisis; another version of the "Zig-Zag Papers" bit; and "Pot and the Pleasure Principle," an extension of his pot vs. booze routine in which he declares potheads are persecuted because they use weed for one incredibly horrible reason. . . .

It's fun!

If you're eager for a taste of Lenny Bruce and you're in Boston, you can find *The Real Lenny Bruce* recordings, *Stamp Help Out!* and an extensive catalog of other important ephemera like photos, letters, transcripts, newspaper articles, and more, in the Lenny Bruce Collection located at Brandeis University's Robert. D. Farber University Archives and Special Collections Department, established in 2014. The University's open-access policy towards their collections means you don't need a serious scholarly project to explore and enjoy them, you can visit the campus and see the exhibit during normal library hours. And what better place to get schooled in the dope humor of Lenny Bruce than an institution of higher learning?

previous contents next

Al Goldstein's Dating Tips

How many times have you gone out with the guys, and the foremost thought burning a hole in your brain is, *I wanna get laid tonight, and I'm gonna do it*? Well, I've got that same hole in my brain, and I've had it for a lot longer than you have. All those years of experience have taught me one thing. Getting laid is not the crapshoot everyone thinks it is. It's a science, a matter of cold, hard statistics. Here's how it works:

Let's say you see a woman whose pussy you'd like to grace with your presence. You figure you'll just walk up to her, lay down your best rap, and soon you'll be figuring out what you want her to make you for breakfast.

Not quite, bucko. Chances are fifty-fifty that the woman you approach won't want to meet you. It has nothing to do with how cute you are or how smooth you are or how much money you have. She will either want to talk to you or she won't, meaning your hundred-percent, win-win proposition is already cut in half.

If she does decide to talk to you, the chances are fifty-fifty that she's a lesbian (or worse, she's a bisexual, which is really just a straight chick with an excuse not to fuck you). That cuts your odds by half again, meaning there's now only a twenty-five-percent chance you'll wind up in the saddle.

And once you've cleared those two hurdles, chances are fifty-fifty the woman just won't be attracted to you, even though she's straight and willing to talk to you. All of a sudden you're batting .125 — a stat that would send even the best ballplayer back down to the minors. That's why you need to be proactive in the ongoing cunt hunt that is your life. And that is why you need Al Goldstein's Dating Tips.

Tip One: Don't pay for anything. Not dinner, not the movies, not the popcorn, not the cab home. Being a tightwad will work in your favor because women respect it. Just as men have an involuntary genetic need to fuck, women have an involuntary genetic need to disrespect any man they can manipulate, so don't let her manipulate you. If she's truly liberated, if she's truly politically correct, she won't balk at paying her own way, and even paying for you as well. Chances are she'll actually respect you for it. Especially the shiksas. I'm a Jew, so trust me on this.

Tip Two: Invite her over for a home-cooked meal. When she shows up at your front door — groceries in hand, of course — compliment her on her choice of food, then go to the kitchen. Chances are if you're the average heterosexual male you can't cook a lick, so don't even try. Boil the brie, sauté the salad, char the cheesecake, just fuck it up royally. Even if the meal sucks like a French whore, which it invariably will, she'll appreciate what a "sweet guy" you are and will graciously reward your failed but valiant attempt with sex.

Which leads us to **Tip Three: Tell her you're gay.** Mention you've been having "all these strange thoughts" lately, that all of a sudden you're looking at men in a whole different light. Say you weren't trying to bed her by having her over, you just thought it would be nice to have her as "a friend." Women like a challenge almost as much as they like a valid credit card, and she'll make it her mission in life to bring you over the fence to the other side. It will start with that first tentative kiss, then a cautious, controlled brush of her nipple. Once she tells you that a woman sucking your dick feels just like a man sucking your dick, you'll be home free.

This brings us to the most important dating tip, which I call **Tip Four: Leave her sexually unsatisfied.** That's right, if it's the last thing you do, don't make her come. Give her that first taste of pleasure, push her to the brink of ecstasy, tease her clit until she screams for more, then leave her hanging. She'll think she's sexually dysfunctional — she could feel the first wellings of orgasm but couldn't make it happen — and chances are very good indeed that she'll give you a call for a second bout of sexual athletics, so she can experience what she missed out on the first time.

And if she wasn't that good to begin with, tell her you're definitely gay and you'd like to stay friends. Then go back to Tip One and repeat as needed.

previous contents next

Mastering the Post-Blowjob Kiss

So you've finally done it! You've met a nice girl, you've chatted her up, reeled her in, and eaten her out. She's actually returned the favor and sucked you off. You've dropped a load in her mouth and now you're at that awkward moment when you want to show her your appreciation. You've already given her flowers and bought her dinner, so how do you show her that you care, at least enough to let her blow you again?

You give her a great big kiss.

Mastering the Post-Blowjob Kiss is a lesson in misdirection known only by a Harry Houdini or an Al Goldstein. If you've made a good choice in who you let suck your pulsating, massive member, you'll know one thing for certain: She will swallow your come. And you know what that means: By the time you get around to kissing her, by the time she's caught her breath and collected herself, your sperm will already be swimming their way down her gullet, never to be seen or tasted again.

Like all human sexual interaction, the Post-Blowjob Kiss is based on trickery and deception. It's all a matter of knowing how to use it to your advantage. Because soon enough, when your relationship gets to the point where you can get into some more advanced sexual adventures, you've set her up for what you really want — a three-way with you, her, and her best friend.

Yes, your girl will be eating some prime pussy — probably better pussy than you've had yourself — before your very eyes, while you take in the action, at your your own pace, and get ready to join in. Because if you prove to her that you're not afraid to take some sexual chances, she'll return the favor. After all, she wouldn't want you to think she's uptight, would she?

You must be asking right about now, "Al, what in the fuck are you talking about? What do you think, that I'm some kind of a homo or something? The last thing I want after getting a blowjob is a mouthful of come, even if it's my own. Isn't that what a woman's mouth is for?"

Well, yes, it is. A woman's mouth is meant to devour your throbbing six inches and hearty spunk as often as possible. But far from proving you to be a homo, the Post-Blowjob Kiss will show her that you're descended from a breed of carnal beast she

probably hasn't had much experience with: a real man. You want to show her that not only are you sexually adventurous, you're sexually daring. You're willing to break any sexual taboo to reach the heights of erotic pleasure. Even if it means tasting your own creamy jism. It doesn't matter if that's a total illusion. It doesn't matter that you're probably the type of guy who can't take a piss in a public urinal because another man might see your cock (or, God forbid, you'll see his). You want to portray yourself as a sexual libertine the likes of which she's never seen — and never will again, if she breaks up with you.

So when your girlie is lying back on those sweat- and spunk-stained sheets (which are hers, hopefully), her hair a tangled mess of lust and passion and abandon, you've got everything to gain and almost nothing to lose. Just by virtue of the fact that you're a man, you already have no self-respect. Just by virtue of the fact that she just blew you, she'll know you're not a homo. So when that time comes, jump right in. Grab her head in both hands, look her square in the eyes, and lay a big, fat, greasy, sloppy kiss on her. And don't stop there: Open your mouth, cram your tongue down her throat and really go at it. Let her know that she made the right decision when she let your cock slip between her greedy, hungry lips.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, she'll think that there's any number of guys who she could have blown besides you. She'll think that she was bestowing the great gift of fellatio on an otherwise undeserving guy, and you were the winner. Let her. Allow her the fantasy that she's in control. You know better. She's lucky you let her blow you, and don't you forget it!

How To Hire a Hooker

Even though all men are different, we basically want the same things out of life when it comes to women. We all want love, we all want companionship, we all want someone we can depend on and talk to — and we all want exciting sex.

But there are times when a man wants something different out of a relationship. Maybe not a long, drawn-out affair, maybe not even a one-night stand. When the time comes that a man wants something different, what a man wants is pussy without bullshit. In other words, a man wants a hooker.

Don't feel guilty or ashamed when this happens to you; it's one of nature's bounties for those blessed with a Y-chromosome. You're a man, and the urge to stick your dick in a fresh hole once in a while comes with the territory. Of course, this rule doesn't apply to women. Receiving the bounty of our dicks — as well as our paychecks — should be enough for any woman. Besides, that's why God invented vibrators.

If you've never procured the services of a working girl, you probably need a few tips. I've been paying for pussy all my life and, by far, my best commercial sex experiences have taken place in brothels. If you've never been to a brothel, if you're nervous about going to one, or if you don't know where to find one, you may want to take a vacation in Nevada sometime.

Prostitution is legal in the counties outside Las Vegas, so that should reduce any nervousness or embarrassment you may have. Take a quick glance through a local phone book or newspaper and it will seem like there are more whorehouses than McDonald's out there.

Speaking of which, I've always found that sex with a hooker is a lot like buying fast food. It's bare-bones sex, the most purely functional sex you can have. The same way that a burger from a fast-food joint will fill you up and satisfy your hunger, you'll be filled with empty calories — lusty, exuberant, fun-filled calories, but empty calories nonetheless. And when you go to a hooker, that's what you're looking to do: satisfy a hunger, and even empty calories are better than none.

The most appetizing thing about prostitution is that when you're buying sex — in a brothel or on the street — you're essentially buying a fantasy. That doesn't mean you

have to dress up like Tarzan and Jane and swing from the rafters. You certainly can if you want to, but it will probably cost you more. It does mean that you should enjoy yourself. Let yourself go. As long as nobody gets hurt and the money is green, it's nobody's business but yours and the hooker's.

Your girl will take you to a small room so you can get down to business — literally. Make yourself comfortable, get a feeling for your surroundings, maybe even engage in some small talk to loosen up. But remember the girl is on the clock. The faster she can make you come and get ready for her next customer, the happier she'll be when you make a return visit. Don't waste her time trying to prove what a stud you are and she won't waste your time pretending that she likes you. Besides, visiting a prostitute is the one time that coming fast works out for a guy, so take advantage of it while you can.

Then it's first things first. Know going into it that the first thing she does has nothing to do with worshiping your awesome manhood, but everything to do with washing it off. Don't be offended; she's protecting both of you, and if she's good at soaping you up, that can be kind of a turn-on itself. Also, if you wind up liking it, you're in for a treat because she's also going to lather your balls afterwards. Finally, expect to wear a rubber. Like washing up, it's for your own good and you don't want to fuck a hooker who'd fuck you without one.

Then it's all in your hands — but this time it's living, it's breathing, and it's gonna have sex with you, so get in there, son. It's a hooker, and she's man's best friend.

previous contents next

Al Goldstein, Jew, Dead at 77

Al Goldstein, founder and publisher of *Screw* magazine and finger-giving host of its accompanying public-access cable show, *Midnight Blue*, has passed away from complications of being Al Goldstein. He was, surprisingly, 77 years old.

Goldstein founded *Screw* in 1968 — its rallying cry was simple: "Sex Is Fun!" — along with his partner Jim Buckley. (They were partners in the "business" sense, not the "homosexual" sense, although if it would have helped circulation, I'm sure Al would have gone the extra mile.) Created partly out of his need to combat the hypocritical coverage of violence over sex in NYC tabloids and partly out of his need to have his considerable sexual appetites sated by the Big Apple's hustlers, hookers, and *hoo-wahs* (on a cut-rate, delivery basis, if possible), *Screw* became the ultimate sex tabloid, a large-format newspaper whose stock in trade was pussy, humor, and satire that left your fingers inky but, hopefully, your sides sore from laughing and your dick hard enough to patronize the massage parlors, peep shows, and porn theaters that made up its advertising base. You're welcome, *New York Press* and *Village Voice*.

Working for Al Goldstein was a badge of honor, if not necessarily a path to financial independence. Print rates for photographs never increased from their original $10 per pic stipend (photographers always maintained the copyright to their work), and a feature-length article — 1500 to 2500 words that sure as shit better be good, funny, and spelled correctly — nabbed you a princely $200, right to the end. *Screw* offered readers things like The Quad, a full-page of parody ads skewering popular films of the day, and published covers and comics by underground greats like R. Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, Bill Plympton, and tons more. Articles were written by counterculture figures such as Richard Meltzer and Dean Latimer, among many, many others. At its height, it reached an estimated half million people around the country.

Working for Al Goldstein wasn't easy, although it was fun. During my time there from 1991 to 1998, saying you worked at *Screw* opened up many, many doors — some to actually let you in, as opposed to show you the street. I met many, many wonderful people while working there, none of whose paths I may have crossed had I not. For that alone, I thank him.

Being seen in public with Al Goldstein was always a trip. One night during a dinner at the Tribeca Grill that included me, Debbie Harry, Chris Stein, and Bernie Goetz, fellow patrons sent over notes of hello and bottles of Champagne; several well-meaning birds were flipped in Goldstein's direction — and answered in kind. He took it all in like the social, sexual, and gastronomic glutton he was.

Hopefully Al Goldstein will be remembered as a tireless warrior in the ongoing struggle for Free Speech in America. He was arrested 21 times over the years, never giving an inch in any legal battle. He'd spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees for the right to skewer the Pillsbury Doughboy, a fight that gained Americans the right to parody nationally known, trademarked characters without fear of censorship or retribution. You're welcome, Will Ryder, Axel Braun, etc., etc., etc.

He was also known for selling hardcore video and underground footage of Rob Lowe, The Go-Go's, and Chuck Berry, years before the rise of the "celebrity sex tape" made it fashionable or profitable to do so. You're welcome Steve Hirsch. And Kris Jenner. And the rest of the industry, too.

Oh, he once got a blowjob from Linda Lovelace, too. You might have heard about it. We sure did at *Screw*.

Speaking of Linda Lovelace, when she and I discussed her giving me an interview for *The Complete Linda Lovelace*, the first thing she asked was whether the book had anything to do with *Screw* or Al Goldstein. I assured her it didn't.

"Good," she said. "Al Goldstein's the only person I hate more than Chuck Traynor."

I'm sure Al wouldn't have had it any other way.

Rest in Peace, Fatman.

And thank you.

previous contents next

The Eyes of Al Goldstein

For 45 years, if you lived in New York City, you knew the name Al Goldstein. He was founder and publisher of *Screw* magazine, and I'm surprisingly proud to say he was my boss for seven years — gold-watch territory when it came to staying power at what we liked to call The World's Greatest Newspaper. The notorious sex tabloid earned him millions of dollars, nearly as many enemies, and almost two dozen obscenity busts, at a time when publications like *Playboy* and *Penthouse* were busy airbrushing the zits off their models and making the world safe for soft-focus sexuality. He pioneered public-access cable television with the late-night talk show *Midnight Blue*, which debuted in 1974 and ran for almost three decades.

If you didn't know the publisher of *Screw* magazine from experience — for which you should consider yourself lucky — at least you knew what he looked like: The fat, bearded face; the seemingly unstoppable mouth chomping a big Cuban cigar when it wasn't locked in a death match with pastrami, pussy, or a pint of Haagen-Dazs; the gut he had stapled to get his weight from 350 pounds to a svelte 175; and of course, the most famous part of his body, the real star of *Midnight Blue*: his finger. More specifically the middle finger of his right hand, which he raised in salute to anyone who pissed him off, sometimes for no other reason than *you pissed him off*. But there's one part of Al Goldstein's body no one ever speaks about.

His eyes.

Al Goldstein had beautiful eyes. They had an incredible expressiveness and power, like a combination of Crystal Gayle and Charles Manson. They could get you to do anything or say anything and were a much more reliable barometer of what he was feeling than his mouth or even that middle finger.

In 1992, *Screw* Senior Editor David Aaron Clark and I attended the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden. Gaining admission to the Convention was easy — Goldstein made sure that all editors were credentialed with the New York Police Department — so the DNC couldn't deny our application for passes. We weren't there to stir up shit or even cover the event, necessarily. But we were members of the Fourth Estate, goddammit, and if ABC, CBS, and NBC could get into the convention,

you better believe Al Goldstein and the staffs of *Screw* and *Midnight Blue* were gonna get in too, for the same reason a dog licks his balls.

Because he can.

If we could get some editorial content out of the convention, even better — and I did. I saw comedian and satirist Will Durst in the hall outside the main room, muttering to himself and staring at his wristwatch; he was timing a script he'd be reading on-air for his coverage for Comedy Central, if I remember correctly. When he was done, I introduced myself as a fan and asked if he'd like to do an interview with Al on *Midnight Blue*. He accepted, and a few weeks later he was at the swanky *Midnight Blue* studios: a small, cluttered back room on the fourth floor of 114 West 14th Street.

I watched the interview unfold the way so many had before. For about an hour — the usual duration of what I called The Goldstein Probing — questions about Durst's career and his take on politics fought for journalistic dominance with questions about his dick size and pussyeating technique (Al was well-rounded, in more ways than one). Afterwards I thanked Will for his time and asked how he liked the interview. He got a weird look on his face and told me that his wife could never see the show, because he told Al he'd fucked comedy groupies, which he'd never told anyone about before, much less on-camera.

"I couldn't help it, man," he said, shaking his head. "Al asked me the question, and I just looked into *those eyes*, and I had to tell the truth."

Screw magazine editorial meetings were more like a circus than anything else, because you were expected to perform, to show Al that you were earning your paycheck while also making his life as easy and high-profile as possible. During one meeting, I had an item that was much more related to the latter: My cunt sister, an employee of Pace University (which she and I and Al and *Screw*'s then-managing editor had all attended), told me that the drama department was presenting an evening of sketch comedy, and one of the skits would feature a spoof of Pace University's latest promotional video, extolling the virtues of the school and telling why people should enroll — as hosted by Al Goldstein.

When he heard about the show, his eyes got a misty, almost wistful look, like he was thinking, “Eeehhh, they still remembah me. . . (wheeze) Those fuckahs still remembah Al Goldstein. . .” He seemed genuinely touched, until he snapped out of his reverie and got back to the matter at hand.

“Get me in,” he said. “I have to see this.” Not wanting to disappoint Al — regardless of how he treated his employees, for some reason we never wanted to disappoint him — I assured him he’d see the show.

And he did. He brought a few friends, I brought my girlfriend, and we sat in an audience of about thirty people, some of whom had a hard time believing that Al Goldstein, *the* Al Goldstein, actually walked among them to watch the show. Needless to say, he loved the skit (or at least its source material), so his reward for a job well done (mine, not theirs) was an invitation to dinner. Food wasn’t just Al’s obsession, not just his weakness, it was also his way of showing appreciation.

I once saw those eyes express an emotion as close to flat-out joy as he was able to achieve when I told the four-time marital loser Goldstein that my wife had left me *(beat)* to attend the Sex Maniac’s Ball in London, which she’d be covering for the magazine. He acknowledged the joke, let out a begrudging chuckle, then his eyes reverted to the vague glaze they’d have when someone said something he didn’t really give a shit about. I’d also seen those eyes boil over, more times than I’d like to admit, into twin pools of deep-seated rage when something happened that he could be legitimately angry about, as opposed to the pedestrian-level rage he felt when, say, his cholent wasn’t prepared the way he wanted.

The only time his eyes betrayed no emotion was when he knew he was full of shit. I’d made the mistake one day of asking Al out for a drink to thank him for the dinners he’d taken me to; he kind of looked away and said something along the lines of, “Eeehhh, not if there won’t be any pussy for me to eat.” (I found out later that even though he’d turned down my offer, he did respect it.) Al could never look you in the eye if you were showing him a true emotion or trying to relate to him on something resembling a human level; he might be looking you square in the face, but you could tell his eyes were just the slightest bit unfocussed, or he might be looking slightly over your shoulder like a kid who’d gotten caught with his hand in the cookie jar — because if he

couldn't see you, you couldn't see through those windows to his soul and realize just how existentially empty he sometimes was.

Al Goldstein's eyes closed for the last time on December 19, 2013, in a Cobble Hill, Brooklyn, nursing home, less than a month before his 78th birthday. Like a shmuck, he'd pissed away a not inconsiderable fortune, he was estranged from his family and many former friends, and he had no home to speak of. Word had made the rounds for a few weeks that he was in failing health, and he was possibly suffering from dementia, which seemed to be selective; one friend who visited him told me that when Al wasn't wondering where the fuck his Jell-O was, he was asking the on-duty nurse for a blowjob. (When my friend gave him my regards like I'd asked, Al said, "Ehhh, I remembah him. Nice kid. Good writah, too. Where's my fuckin' Jell-O?") In his final days, his hands were reportedly taped inside some kind of medical mitten to keep him from pulling the feeding tube out of his mouth — and if Al Goldstein didn't want to eat, you knew the end was near.

I was, unlike lots of people, sorry to hear that Al had died. I wasn't sad — sadness about someone's death is for the living left behind, not for those who have passed on — but I was really very sorry. I was sorry Al Goldstein was dead because in the seven years I worked for him, he gave me the greatest gift a writer can ask for: The freedom to express myself exactly as I wanted. As long as what I wrote was my opinion, a satire, the truth, or something Al told me to write, it had a place in *Screw* magazine. I was also sorry that I'd never thanked him for that freedom.

Mostly I was sorry because for the first time since 1968, when the premiere issue of *Screw* hit the stands, New York City didn't have Al Goldstein walking its streets — and this city needs Al Goldstein now more than ever. This city needs someone to say "Fuck you" to the developers buying low and selling high and pushing the middle class out to make way for condos and banks and NYU dorms. This city needs someone to stand up for the little guy, whether they've wrongly received a parking ticket or FedEx has delivered a box crushed beyond recognition. This city just needs Al Goldstein.

Behind the Green Door (aka The Abduction of Gloria)

"Behind the Green Door," also known as "The Abduction of Gloria," is a unique piece of erotic fiction. The story is the source material for the 1973 Marilyn Chambers porn flick ***Behind the Green Door****, but the original author remains a mystery, and no one even knows exactly when the story was written.*

It apparently dates back at least to the Korean War era, when it was passed around at stag parties or sold under the table at dirty bookstores. Guys eager to share it with their buddies made copies on a mimeograph machine (if they were lucky) or retyped it page by page with carbon paper (if they weren't). When they retyped it, some added dirty bits here and took out dirty bits there, creating an evolving piece of erotic literature that took on a life of its own . . . making it the first real piece of crowdsourced, viral porn. The final orgy scene reads more more like "The Aristocrats," the legendary joke in which a family of vaudeville performers commit ever-more-unbelievably graphic (and unrealistic) sex acts, limited only by the imagination of the comedian telling it.

This version continues that great tradition using an original, untitled mimeograph copy probably from the mid-Fifties from my personal collection and another, different version posted to an internet bulletin board in the early 2000s that was improbably dated to 1940. Editing them together, I couldn't resist adding new material while maintaining the original version's antiquated language and over-the-top orgy scene.

One thing about "Behind the Green Door" is without question. Its heroine recalls the protagonists of ***Venus in Furs****,* ***The Story of O*** *(written by a woman whose true identity remained a mystery for decades),* ***9½ Weeks****, and even the Mommy-porn best-seller* ***Fifty Shades ofGREY:*** *someone who finds their sexual liberation by surrendering to the darker impulses of another. That such a character has stood the test of time for over a hundred years is a testament not only to the universal nature of erotic literature, but to the nature of human sexuality itself.*

* * *

Barry Clark hated his life. Every day dragged on with a dull, machine-like regularity that both bored and annoyed him. After much thought, he realized that he'd been neglecting his love life lately. Maybe he'd been working too hard. He was so focused on managing

his architecture firm that he'd hardly even looked at a woman in months. Sexual hunger gnawed at him, and he needed to satisfy it. He had to find some unusual experience to get him out of his rut. But where would he find something to make up for months of neglect?

As he sat on his couch thinking, he looked out the window and into the apartment directly across the courtyard from his, where a stunning brunette named Gloria Saunders lived. He didn't know much about Gloria except that she had a divine body and was in the full bloom of womanhood. He guessed she was about twenty-eight years old. He recalled hearing some neighbors say she was either divorced or widowed.

In the dim light of Gloria's bedroom, he could see that she was undressing, apparently mindless of the fact that anyone could watch her from one of the nearby apartments. His pulse quickened as she pulled her dress over her head and stood in a sheer black chemise. He admired the perfectly sculptured curves of her body down as far as her thighs, where the window sill obstructed his view.

Gloria stood gazing out her window, looking at nothing in particular. She ran her fingers lazily along the sides of her full, round breasts. Her fingers found her nipples, which jutted out proudly from the circles of honey-colored flesh surrounding them. She looked down at them, admiring their beauty — just as Barry was at that same moment. A few seconds later Gloria turned around and walked out of sight.

Barry's mind raced. He decided he had to go somewhere and satisfy the overwhelming desire that, if left unchecked, would continue to haunt him. He remembered a conversation with Dudley Barrows, a friend who knew all sorts of underground nightclubs where anything could be had, for a price. Dudley had told him about a theater where erotic performances of an unseemly, almost criminal nature are staged for a small group of wealthy, connected patrons. That's what he needed! He decided to call Dudley and ask how they could attend the next show.

"I knew you'd want to go there one day," Dudley laughed. "I've been meaning to go back for a while myself. You're in luck. This is one of their show nights. There's still time. I'll reserve us some tickets and come get you in an hour."

* * *

Just as Barry passed Miss Saunders' apartment on his way to the elevator, the door swung open and the delectable young lady stepped out into the corridor. "Hello, Gloria," Barry said with a smile. "Where are you going tonight?"

Gloria smiled back at him and they headed to the elevator together. "Hello, Barry. I'm going to take a walk, maybe even a carriage ride in the park. It's so lovely out. Who knows where the evening will take me?"

She was utterly gorgeous, Barry thought, and he promised himself that he'd do something about her tomorrow night, but tonight he had other plans. He wished Gloria a good evening and then walked towards a black town car waiting for him at the corner. A minute later, Barry and Dudley were on the way to an adventure of their own.

Gloria walked slowly toward the park in the gathering twilight. She'd been thinking the same thing as Barry. She needed to satisfy her sexual desires. She was quite lonely since her husband's death some months ago, and the urge to again know the thrill of an evening's passion with a handsome, virile man had become a distraction. Her neighbor Barry was certainly appealing, and she sometimes wondered why he never made advances toward her, like other men. She told herself that if he ever did, she'd give herself to him gladly, with reckless abandon.

A cab approached, and Gloria decided to take a ride through the park rather than walk. It was getting dark, and the park could be dangerous at night. She raised her hand to hail the taxi, which pulled up to the curb next to her. The driver stepped out, opened the rear door, and, seeing the streets empty except for Gloria and himself, put his hand on her back and pushed her inside, then slammed the door shut. Two men stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth and held her tightly between them as the cab pulled away from the curb and raced down the deserted street.

Wide-eyed and frozen with fear, Gloria glanced quickly from one man to the other. She realized that not a single soul had seen her abducted. By whom had she been taken? Sex traffickers? What hope had she? The thought sent shivers through her. She expected the men to attack her and was surprised when one of them said that if she remained quiet, no harm would be done to her, and she'd be set free in the morning. She had no choice but to believe him.

Gloria had no idea how long she'd been captive when the cab entered an archway in front of a row of old townhouses. Once a comfortable distance past the gate, the driver pulled up in front of a building. The two men hustled Gloria out of the taxi and pushed her up the front steps, at the top of which was a dark green door. The door opened and Gloria was made to walk down a long hallway, then through another door into a brightly lit white room.

A motherly looking woman of about sixty approached her. She wore a black robe, almost like a nun's habit. At first Gloria thought she was in a convent, but she soon realized that couldn't be the case. The woman told the two men to leave the girl with her and go home for the evening. She motioned for Gloria to sit down on a sofa, then drew up a chair facing her. Gloria hoped that the handkerchief would be removed from her mouth, but she wasn't surprised that it was left in place. The older woman began to talk.

"My dear," she said, "I can see you're frightened, and you worry that violence will be done to you. You're right to worry. Violence will be done to you, but it will be a very pleasant kind of violence. You'll remember this night forever, if you're a passionate woman. I think that you are, just as I was." The woman looked past Gloria briefly, then back into her eyes.

"I envy what will be done to you tonight. Each week in this place, which is merely a theater, a show is put on for a very select audience. You're tonight's star. You'll be made love to in many ways. It will be as much a surprise to you as to the audience. For your own safety, don't put up a fight. Now, open your mouth, but don't say a word." Gloria did as she was told, and the woman removed the handkerchief. "That's my girl," the woman said. "God bless you, dear."

Still dazed by the old woman's words, Gloria was led out of the room by a pair of black-robed handmaidens.

* * *

The town car dropped Barry and Dudley off in a part of town that Barry didn't recognize. Dudley motioned him toward a dark, narrow alley. They walked along until suddenly Barry noticed two men standing at a doorway. "Don't worry about them," Dudley said quietly. "They're ushers. They're going to blindfold us and take us to our

seats." Barry and Dudley reached the doorway and, once blindfolded, were helped through the door, then down one staircase and up another.

The men were stopped, quickly searched, and then their blindfolds were removed. "I must remind you gentlemen not to speak during tonight's performance," one of the ushers said. "Also, any attempt by either of you to help the girl in the show will result in severe consequences. For both of you."

Barry and Dudley were given masks and instructed to put them on. They were led into a darkened room at the far end of which was a stage about two feet above the floor. Barry noticed that the audience was mostly women who also wore masks, which piqued his curiosity. They'd barely taken their seats when the show began.

The remaining house lights went down and a spotlight revealed a door at the rear of the stage. An announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness the ravishing of a young woman who was abducted by our agents less than an hour ago. Our victims are chosen from the city's most wealthy and cultured, because such a woman is best suited for a show of this type.

"She has no idea what she's about to experience. Her reaction may lead you to think that she's being tortured. Quite the opposite is true. Those ravishing her are under strict orders not to hurt her. We won't know until the last minute if she's a virgin. Sometimes they are not, yet their thrill is still that of a woman's first time. Please make yourselves comfortable and enjoy this evening's performance."

The door at the rear of the stage opened and six black-robed women entered in single file, three in front of Gloria and three behind. When Gloria was in the center of the stage, the handmaidens stepped aside and took their places flanking her, three on either side. Barry's pulse raced, half in horror and half in lust, when he saw that Gloria was the victim. Then he realized he'd finally see her as he'd always wanted.

He thought for a second that he should try to rescue her from the awful fate she was about to endure, but a quick glance at the burly guard standing at the foot of the stage gave him pause. He wanted to tell Dudley that he recognized her, then remembered that the audience was to remain silent. His blood racing and his senses reeling, Barry accepted the situation and relaxed in his seat, unable to do anything but enjoy the spectacle that was about to unfold.

The glare from the spotlight prevented Gloria from seeing her audience, but she could see the robed figures standing to either side of her. She resolved to take this ordeal as bravely as possible, knowing that resistance was pointless and would only bring her harm. To her surprise, the shivers she felt weren't borne of fear but anticipation of what lay ahead. Wild thoughts raced through her mind about what terrible acts of sadism they had planned for her. She realized that the need she felt earlier in the evening would soon be satisfied in a way she'd never dreamed possible.

The women led Gloria to the foot of the stage. She was still wearing the coat and clothing she had on when she was taken. One of the women removed her expensive, pert hat and loosened a few pins so Gloria's long black hair fell past her shoulders. One gripped her left hand and another took her right while yet another unbuttoned and opened her coat. They slipped it past her shoulders and threw it to the side of the stage. Gloria's breasts strained against a tight, red-striped silk blouse. Her chest heaved and her body trembled, but the women held her still. As they began to unbutton the blouse, Gloria understood that she would finally be stripped.

Two of the handmaidens removed Gloria's blouse and revealed her well-filled brassiere. Murmurs of admiration were heard among the audience. Gloria's nipples were easily visible under the bright lights. The thin tricot cups barely restrained them as the taut flesh formed two tantalizing peaks. Barry watched intently, realizing that her body was even more magnificent than he imagined. His blood caught fire.

One woman stepped behind Gloria, grasped the zipper at the side of her skirt, and quickly pulled it downward. Gloria jumped with a start as the garment slid past her hips, but the handmaidens held her firmly by the ankles and arms, rendering her powerless.

Barry's eyes followed the skirt as it fell to the floor, exposing lovely limbs cased in sheer black hose that stopped just above the knees, where they were neatly rolled. The satiny flesh of her thighs gleamed like ivory in the spotlight. Gloria turned her head and closed her eyes and tried not to think of the humiliation she was suffering as the strangers saw her at her most vulnerable. Barry's organ was already so swollen he thought it might burst.

Gloria's beautiful body took command of her audience. Her knees dimpled provocatively just below frilly step-ins, the thin front panel that concealed her pubic hair only taunting the audience's terrible desire. Barry wondered whether the bra or step-ins would be removed. To his delight one of the handmaidens slipped the strap of Gloria's bra from her left shoulder, exposing the most lusciously round, pink-tipped breast Barry had ever seen. The handmaiden, about twenty-five years of age and quite good-looking herself, reached out and cupped it in her hand.

Gloria could scarcely imagine what her young tormenter would do next when the woman began to massage the delicate, excited flesh. She took the hardened nipple between her fingers and gave it a pinch. Gloria felt a thrill shoot through her. Under the cunning caresses of this attractive young female, Gloria's body began to fill with eagerness, and she felt her hole filling with moisture.

The skin on Gloria's neck and breastbone flushed with pleasure as the young woman leaned forward and took the nipple into her mouth. When she began to suck it, Gloria threw her head back. A blonde handmaiden joined them, claiming Gloria's right breast as the pair sucked in tandem. Gloria felt as if she was completely on fire. The sensation caused by their lips and tongues was ecstatic. She found herself wishing it would never stop.

Barry glanced around and noticed some women in the audience rubbing their own breasts, imagining themselves enjoying the warm tongue of another woman the way Gloria was, up on the stage. Just when Gloria felt the sensation reaching its peak, the women released her breasts and stepped back. The handmaidens holding her legs removed Gloria's step-ins and rolled down her hose. In less than a minute she was completely nude.

The lacy underthings removed, the hose discarded, Gloria stood under the spotlight totally exposed. She appeared carved from ivory. From her slim ankles to her jet-black hair. she was a master creation of femininity. Her thin, delicate feet arched regally, her toes tipped in red varnish Barry likened to a candied apple you might buy for a young girl at a carnival. Gloria's calves were refined in their perfection. Her thighs led to the fleshy paradise nestled under a sweetly rounded abdomen. Her pussy stood forth magnificently, its dense bush stark and bold against her pale skin.

The handmaidens lowered Gloria onto a thick mattress that had been fetched from the side of the stage. Two of the women caught her ankles and spread her legs. A blonde woman kneeled before her and, raising a finger to her lips, advised Gloria to remain silent. The woman then reached down and spread Gloria open, displaying the bright pink paradise between Gloria's thighs while she ran her fingertips though the thick, abundant curls surrounding it.

When Barry finally saw Gloria's cunt, he could no longer control himself. He opened his trousers and placed a handkerchief over his lap, as did several other men around him. No one in the audience paid attention to anyone else; all eyes were focused on the vision of beauty laid out before them. Some of the women in the crowd were so overcome with desire that their eyes filled with tears of delight.

Gloria's eyes had been closed but sprang open when the woman inserted her tongue deep into her moist, dark hole. The young woman ran her tongue along either side, pulling the flesh into her mouth and suckling it gently. She took the clitoris crowning Gloria's cunt and massaged it with her lips.

Gloria knew that if the handmaiden kept up this lovely torture she'd fill her mouth with juice, but apparently that was what the woman wanted, because her efforts increased. She kissed and stroked every portion of Gloria's pussy until a stream of bitter-sweet nectar cascaded past her lips and onto her tongue, its remains drooling down to Gloria's buttocks. Barry seemed similarly affected. Never before had his cock felt larger or more in need of release.

A second spotlight shined on the door at the back of the stage and out stepped a nude lad about twenty years of age. He was a magnificent specimen, with broad shoulders and large biceps, but what commanded the audience's attention was the penis dangling between his legs. At rest it was a good six inches long and seemed almost two inches thick. Large testicles swung low and heavy beneath it.

Barry couldn't imagine a cock that big going into that sweet pussy, yet he longed to see if it would be possible. A gasp arose from the females in the audience, most of whom had never seen an instrument so large, even when rigid. They abandoned all pretense of modesty and started rubbing their creaming pussies, neither knowing nor caring who watched them on their journey to pleasure.

Barry admired the young man's catlike stride and the lean muscles of his arms and legs, but he soon cast his gaze back to Gloria and the handmaidens stroking her breasts. Suddenly, Gloria bucked and strained in an effort to escape, but the handmaidens held her down and again spread her legs in preparation for the young lad's assault. One of the women placed a red velvet pillow under Gloria's ass, pointing her hips upward toward the huge penis about to violate her.

The lad dropped to his knees and started to kiss the gift being offered to him. Soon he was lapping her warm, moist pussy, and Gloria again felt the thrill of a tongue dancing within her. So delightful was the boy's prowess that she closed her eyes to more fully enjoy it. Once her young lover had tasted her intimately, he rose and grasped his cock, now stiff and ready, and prepared to insert himself into the one and only spot God had intended man to be. Gloria would finally be coupled with this stunning example of manhood. The show would begin in earnest.

The lad placed his enormous cudgel against Gloria's pussy and began to rub it back and forth, parting the moist flesh. At last he began to push forward, and the head slowly entered. It felt so wonderful to have a man penetrate her again that Gloria threw her arms around his neck and pulled his cheek close to hers. When the lad at last fully inserted the head, Gloria's face betrayed the joy her body was experiencing. Her eyes were closed, her head was thrown back, and her mouth was a half-smile. She pushed her hips forward to meet the attack in final, grateful surrender.

As the terrific tool filled her up, the young blond man put his hands under her hips and, with slow, deliberate motions, began to tilt his cock upward. He surged onward until the full length of his thick pike had invaded her. Never before had a man's penis been inside her so deeply. Gloria worried she'd be hurt, but when the knobby head reached its furthest, she was gifted with spasms of great satisfaction.

Gloria released the young man's neck and slid her hand down between her legs. She found her clit and, paring its hood with her thumb and middle finger, began to massage the tip, delicate wisps of hair mingling with the froth of sweat and lust that eased their movement. Pressing down firmly, she worked her fingers in tiny circles around it, then from side to side as her pleasure intensified. When at last the first

familiar tingling of orgasm began, Gloria touched a red-tipped nail to the excited flesh and scratched lightly, summoning her climax with a desperate urgency.

The room fell silent but for the labored breathing of the audience and the feral groans coming from the stud and his partner onstage. Faster and faster his cock pumped into her pussy, filling her completely before withdrawal, when its invasion began anew, her cunt clenching around the bulbous head. Never, ever in all her intimate relations with a man had she been so stirred. During one retreat she grasped his cock and began rubbing its silken head against her button, the impossible pleasure possessing Gloria's body to the point of ecstasy. When the lad again thrust his cock into her, she came with a low, breathy groan of delight.

Fired by Gloria's climax, the stud felt his own come reach a boiling point, and soon a torrent of delicious cream gushed forth from his balls. Gloria felt the stream erupt from his penis, which continued with piston-like precision and cadence. His tool plunged into her with such power that Gloria's own come seemed to flow forever. So great was his discharge that it oozed out into the curls ringing her pussy and onto the mattress beneath her. The sight of the young lad's pearly come coating Gloria's thighs made the audience moan.

Gloria bit her lip to keep from going mad with joy, but just when she thought her senses would leave her, the lad slowly began to withdraw his spent penis. Gloria's hole was left stretched and gaping in its wake. Tenderly he removed the bent organ while Gloria lay back, her face a mask of utter contentment, her eyes closed as she brushed some hair from her brow with her forearm. The lad quickly disappeared behind the door through which he entered, his cock swinging lazily back and forth. One of the handmaidens began washing Gloria's belly and thighs with perfumed water that filled the room with an earthy but sweetly floral scent.

As a dim light spilled across the audience, Barry noticed the lady closest to him lift the hem of her dress above her knees to play with her pussy. She trapped her clit between the pads of two fingers, which she moved with increasing speed up and down along its side. She reached her other hand around until three fingers filled the hole beneath, plunging deeply and furiously into the milky depth.

He didn't blame her. The cravings inspired by what they'd just seen had to be satisfied. Barry's penis, straining as he massaged it through the handkerchief in his lap, throbbed and threatened to explode, so great was the load it carried. He reasoned that the evening's entertainment must be over, and he was grateful that he'd soon have time to tend to his own lust. But to his astonishment and delight, he saw other preparations being made onstage.

While three of the handmaidens bathed Gloria, the others pushed a large, peculiar platform toward the center of the stage. Once the apparatus had been set in place, the spotlight again illuminated the door at the rear, through which entered, in single file, five totally nude boys, all seemingly just out of their teens. Each of the lads was a handsome specimen — tall and well-muscled with smooth, white skin that gleamed in the spotlight. Two of the boys approached the platform, which had been constructed like a tower. One laid down on a bench sticking out from the middle of its lowest deck. The other lad stood to the left of the odd contraption, looking down at the floor. Two more young men mounted themselves onto a shelf situated a short height over the first. When the fifth stud jumped up and sat in a seat about five feet above the floor, a buzz of wonderment arose from the audience.

None of their penises compared to that of the lad who had preceded them, but they were all large enough to make any woman moan with pleasure. Every female's eyes caressed the men's handsome young cocks. Their feminine desire called for a meeting with those wonderful organs of love, but they were under orders to stay in their seats and not disturb the performance. They would have to satisfy themselves elsewhere, after the show's climax.

Still lying on the mattress, Gloria wondered, as did the audience, what would happen to her next. One man she could understand, but five was unheard of! The announcer spoke again: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness the show's grand finale. This beautiful woman will be loved as completely as it is possible for a woman to be loved. She will not be hurt. On the contrary, she will be taken to the very heights of ecstasy."

After the introduction, the boy standing to the side took Gloria's hand and led her to the bench on the bottom of the tower. He began to caress her breasts, while the boy

lying down on his back fondled her pussy. Together they ran their fingers over her finely curved thighs and through the warm, moisten patch of fur between them. After a few minutes, Gloria was in the mood for fucking once more. She was ready for anything.

Gloria was made to straddle the boy reclining on the bench, who took his penis in hand and inserted it into her damp hole. The boy behind her rubbed his tool in the creamy substances still covering her rectum. Once the first boy pushed Gloria downward onto his penis, the boy behind her took her ass cheeks between his fingers and spread them apart. Everyone in the audience strained to see what they knew was inevitable. Barry realized he was going to witness an act he had heard about but had never seen performed, much less indulged in himself.

Guiding Gloria forward until her bosom met the other boy's chest, the lad to her rear inserted the head of his penis between her bulging ass cheeks and pushed until its length was fully hidden. The three bodies were now pressed close together, Gloria in the middle with a penis in her cunt and one up her ass. She felt a new thrill shoot through her. She, who had always thought this particular act to be degrading and imagined it to be painful, found it delightful. Reaching back, Gloria's fingers closed around these strange new sources of pleasure, her senses thrilling at the satiny smoothness that covered a spongy firmness underneath. The cocks both felt so good she didn't know which she enjoyed more.

When the boy in front and the boy behind her coordinated their movements, Gloria neared collapse, her breathing becoming labored as she felt a new kind of passion overtake her. The boys, sensing Gloria's delight and giving in to the sensations building up inside themselves, increased the speed and depth of their strokes. Her senses reeling, Gloria opened her eyes and noticed for the first time the boy sitting in the chair. His tool was larger than the others, and he was so good-looking and well-made that any woman would consider herself lucky to have him. His legs were spread apart such that his cock hung mere inches from her hands and mouth. She knew what would happen next. He put his hands behind her head and gently pulled her toward him. As if in a trance, Gloria opened her mouth and took the head between her lips.

The boy's face lit up when his prickhead passed over the warm silkiness of her tongue to fully command her throat. She pulled in a breath when he withdrew his cock

some long seconds later, then ran her tongue along its underside, exploring and caressing the skin below the smooth pink head as she stroked the shaft. She gently sank her teeth into the satiny skin before the lad grasped a handful of hair and drove himself into her throat again and again. She had no idea how long she'd be made to endure this before she'd be gifted with the warm, wet blast of his orgasm. The boys on either side above them leaned forward and took hold of a firm, pink breast. Tugging furiously at the rosy nipples and rolling them between their fingers, they took Gloria's ecstasy to new heights. Her entire body was indeed being loved at one time, and it felt so good she was sure she'd expire from the pleasure. But that was not yet all.

The boys then leaned forward and, taking Gloria by the arms, placed her trembling hands on their penises. Gloria's fingers wrapped around their flesh as her palms caressed the smooth cockheads and delicate underskin. She explored their balls with her fingers, dragging her nails across the scrotum of one while entering the delicate asshole of the other. Gloria soon found her mouth being shared between the three boys while her cunt and ass were being pleasured by the two young studs between whom she was trapped. Suddenly Gloria felt a hot torrent shoot up her rectum and flood her insides. She reeled from the novel feeling as it slowly escaped her asshole.

The audience saw Gloria nearing collapse, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps when two more penises discharged, one in her mouth and one in her pussy, their payoff loads filling her near to bursting. A frothy mass of scum, shit, and blood flowed into and out of her body. In self-defense she swallowed the thick, salty flow coming at her from the front, her pussy pulsing as jets of nectar sprayed into her from both sides below.

So excited had the boys on the upper shelf become that one jumped down and placed his dick, which was as hard as Chinese arithmetic, up the ass of the boy bending over Gloria. The other forced his tool into the young stud's mouth, a hank of hair grasped firmly in his fingers as he held the boy's head still.

More of the creamy white substance squirted onto Gloria when the boys released themselves onto the young lad fucking her. Gloria swooned as the fifth and final lad pulled his penis from her ravished, defiled asshole. By the end of it all, everyone was covered in sweat and spit and come.

Finally, the boys' penises began to soften, and they lurched toward the door at the rear of the stage. One of the handmaidens caught Gloria in her arms and carried her to the others, who had been sitting at the side of the stage, masturbating. They laid Gloria on a mattress and formed a circle around her.

Almost in unison, they pounced upon her and began licking her body, much as a mother cat cleans her young. It was as if these women had gone mad with desire watching Gloria's performance and now sought to give their own sordid fantasies life with this willing and now liberated woman. They fought with each other for the privilege of sucking the scum from Gloria's matted black bush, her sore and savaged breasts, and her come-glazed belly. One of them put her mouth to Gloria's pussy and started eating her out, lapping up the sweet juices that remained there.

Gloria was half-aware and half-conscious through it all. Eager lips and fingers traveled along her legs and thighs, and as the tongue in her cunt drove deeper and deeper, it felt as if the woman between her thighs might eat her alive. So great was this new erotic wonder that Gloria gushed forth again, the woman between her thighs sucking harder and harder on her clit as clots of jism slid down her throat.

As Gloria's final climax began to subside, the women slowed their movements and began massaging her weary body with a balm, and bathing her pussy and breasts with a cool, refreshing lotion. They then covered her with a white satin sheet and carried her through the door she entered at the start of the performance.

The show was over.

* * *

The door had barely closed when the audience began staging a show of its own. The buxom blonde whose dress hem had spent most of the evening around her thighs while she fingered herself called furiously for some man, any man, to fuck her pussy as Gloria's had just been fucked onstage.

Women's cunts were running from the excitement of the fucking, sucking, cornholing, and jacking off they'd just witnessed. Some were lucky enough to get a willing man to fuck them on the floor, unashamed of being taken in the middle of a roomful of strangers. Other women were screaming with delight as men, sometimes

three at once, began fucking every hole they had. The management tried to stop this display, but it soon turned into a terrific orgy.

Barry and Dudley, being handsome men, were quickly swept to the floor and set upon by several women at once.

Barry's pants were taken off by a pair of passionate whores as they fought over his penis. The first, a young masked bobbysoxer with long, fiery red hair and small but ample tits, quickly had his dick lodged in her mouth. She was sucking furiously until a beauty shoved her aside and straddled Barry's organ, taking it deep inside. Madly she ground her hips against his, screaming for the other women watching to push her up and down on his prick so it would just about kill her with joy.

Barry fought to get up from the floor but there was no stopping the woman, so he relented and grabbed hold of her hips, working her up and down on his pole. The next thing he knew pairs of soft, rabid lips were making their way over his legs and toward his asshole. Barry couldn't fight the stimulation any longer, and a wad of come shot from his balls and into the wanton woman's pussy. The woman dismounted Barry and placed her lips around his seemingly spent male organ, the desire of every woman in the audience, sucking and licking as though it was the only thing in the world. In short order he felt other tongues working their way up and down his legs and body, over his chest and arms and face. Overcome, the woman sucking his rod relinquished the organ and sat against the foot of the stage where she could better see what would happen next.

She watched a beautiful, half-nude young woman sit down on Dudley's chest and beg him to lick her cunt. Dudley's mind and groin ablaze, he couldn't refuse her pleas and plunged his tongue into her mushy, dripping hole. He found it to be better than he expected and soon found his organ growing larger, ready for a spirited bout of fucking. A woman standing nearby, naked as a jaybird, pushed past a pair of men fucking a lithe brunette and straddled him. Her cunt was so tight, Dudley realized the woman must be a virgin. Dimly he heard her say, "Push it inside me as hard as you can. I don't care if it hurts. I've got to have it."

Through weary eyes he could see, just over the shoulders of the young girl sitting on his face, the outline of an older lady standing behind the virgin helping guide his muscle of love into her. The girl's cherry pussy hurt the head of his dick as it stretched to

accommodate him, but all at once there was a tremendous shove and a shout from the girl and the penis made its way into her now broken cunt.

The girl sobbed with joy, this first experience of being fucked occurring so quickly and forcefully. The excitement of it caused the girl whom he was tonguing to scream and come in his mouth. As he strained to swallow the sweet glaze, his eyes witnessed the struggling men and women throughout the room, caught in all sorts of embraces. Dudley watched the fucking and sucking couples come again and again, copious loads of slimy love juice being issued from stiff pricks into stretched-out pussies.

There were a few obvious bulldaggers in the crowd as well, and the show ultimately became a hell of a mess as the women began raping the men and each other. Two lesbians had pinned a third woman down on a red velvet couch, one rubbing her tits across the woman's lips while the other started licking the first one's pussy from behind, gently dragging her tongue across her asshole every few strokes. Other women rubbed their tits on each other's pussies and sobbed with delight, offering to suck each other as well.

Barry watched one young dyke, a thin, lanky bitch with short-cropped blonde hair slicked back off her face, fingering a brunette who seemed unaware of what would soon be taking place. The butch dyke held the brunette's leg down with her hip while she wedged two, three, then four fingers inside her. Finally five fingers threatened the brunette's cunt. The blonde bent down, her lips soothing her startled partner's pussy, a combination of spit and jizz allowing her fist in and out, in and out. She punched her way into the widening slit wildly. The brunette peered over her breasts just in time to see the blonde dyke's thin fist disappear inside her fully. When she accepted the blonde's hand past the wrist, she let out a scream that shocked even the most grizzled lesbians watching, and she begged her tormentor for more.

Barry couldn't take any more. He struggled to his feet and, grabbing his pants, made a mad dash for the exit, looking for some way to escape from the theater and the sexual madness that surrounded him. He looked back and was relieved to see Dudley following. They ran down the short hallway toward another door and off into the night.

Just as the door closed behind them, Barry saw Gloria, wearing the same manner of black robe as the handmaidens surrounding her, being helped through a door

at the end of a hallway before she disappeared from view. Outside the building he noticed the door was painted a vivid shade of green. He was surprised that the door wasn't being guarded by the ushers who led them in, until he realized that the ushers were otherwise engaged, trying to break up the orgy inside.

After a short, silent trip back home, Barry said good-night to Dudley and went up to his apartment. Completely exhausted, he stumbled to his bedroom, removed what remained of his shirt, tie, and trousers and fell across the bed. He was asleep almost immediately and slept for almost ten hours before he finally woke up.

* * *

It was late afternoon and he was famished, so he ordered a full dinner to be delivered and eaten at his leisure. Satisfied with his meal, he walked to the window and, standing to the side, parted the curtain and peered into Gloria's apartment. He was dumbfounded at what he saw.

Lying on her bed with her legs apart, Gloria finger-fucked herself, trying to recapture some of last night's thrill. She caressed and probed her raw, weakened love garden, wondering how long she could endure this strong desire, as she didn't know a solitary man who could satisfy her the way she'd been just been satisfied. So strong was the urge to experience such a fucking again that she thought she might weep.

Barry didn't intend to let this chance pass him by. He threw on a robe, walked the long hallway around the floor of their building and knocked urgently on Gloria's door. A moment passed and then Gloria, more beautiful than ever, if such a thing was possible, opened it to see Barry standing with his arms outstretched, seeking her embrace.

Without a word, she let him in. Snapping the lock and turning around, Gloria leaned back against the deep emerald door and stared into Barry's eyes. He started to kiss her. Without taking his mouth from hers, he loosened his robe and let it fall to the floor. Her arms tightened around him, and her own gown opened and revealed her charms. Barry swept her up in his arms and quickly carried her into the bedroom, where he laid his precious bundle on the bed.

When Barry lay beside her, Gloria took his penis in hand and kissed it. She licked slowly around the crown and delighted in the feel of the veiny shaft growing firm in her palm. She pumped it up and down in her fist with increasing speed and slid the head

across her mouth, gliding the tip against her cheeks and chin to more fully encourage its excitement. Barry's cock straining in her grasp, Gloria parted her lips to welcome it completely, in loving, slavish tribute.

So eager was she to please the man for whom she'd longed that she sought to accommodate its full length with her initial descent. She took him in deeper and deeper until her lips found the base, circled with a thick mat of coarse, chestnut hair. She advanced until she could no longer breathe, trapping the head in her throat, mindful to keep the underside tightly against her tongue. Over and over she swallowed him down until Barry could take no more.

Barry wouldn't wait any longer. He pulled his cock from Gloria's throat and pushed her onto her back. He opened her smooth, bruised thighs with one hand while the other guided his stiffened prick toward her pussy. When he hooked his arms under her knees, pushing them back to meet her breasts, she grabbed hold of his thighs and allowed him to take her. With one decisive, commanding thrust, Barry and Gloria were finally together.

Later, while they rested on large pillows propped up against the headboard, Barry told her of being at the previous night's show. Her face flushed crimson with shame, but Barry's soothing words made her dispel any feelings of guilt. Leaning her head on his shoulder, Gloria closed her eyes and ran a finger across his chest. For the first time in a long time, she felt happy and truly loved.

Gazing down at Gloria, Barry too felt happy that he finally found what he'd been searching for. No longer would he be lonely. His sexual appetite would be more than taken care of by the luscious, spirited woman he intended to make his wife, and he would attend to her needs and desires as well. Drifting off to sleep he realized that he'd found everything his life had been lacking behind the green door.

The End

previous contents next

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Volume Two: Interviews and Profiles, 2003 - 2008

Cynthia Plaster Caster

Since first tackling a high school art project ("Cast something that will retain its shape"), Cynthia Plaster Caster has turned being a rock-and-roll groupie into an art form. Her collection of plaster sculptures molded from celebrity penises has been exhibited across America, and her Jimi Hendrix cast was on long-term display in the Peacock Room of the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas. A true rock icon in her own right, Cynthia is the subject of the documentary ***Plaster Caster (Xenon Pictures)****, a wickedly funny look at her life and career. Still girlish and surprisingly unassuming, Cynthia spoke with Penthouse Forum about sex, jugs, and rock 'n' roll.*

DANVILLE: What's so sexy about musicians?
CASTER: I get a crotch feeling from hearing a catchy tune. I've been like this since I can remember. When I hear a melody that I can't get out of my head or that really appeals to me, I feel it in my spinal cord. I get this shiver up and down my spine.
DANVILLE: Hmmm. And when did you first notice this feeling, Cynthia?
CASTER: Around the time that I was a fledgling Beatles fan, but I realized I'd felt that way about show tunes before.
DANVILLE: The Beatles did that to a lot of girls.
CASTER: The Beatles did that to a lot of girls and a lot of boys! They made people look at everything differently: Clothes. Music. Crotches!
DANVILLE: When did you realize you could approach musicians and get something more than just a tingle up and down your spine?
CASTER: After I showed up at a hotel where the Rolling Stones were staying in 1964. That's what got me. I started going to more and more hotels with my girlfriends while I was still in high school. I had this system where I'd call the hotel, figure out whether or not a particular band was staying there and then just show up. I'd gauge whether it was

a rock 'n' roll hotel by the number of girls outside, stuff like that. Once I got in there I didn't know what the hell I'd be doing. I'd never had sex before.

DANVILLE: What do people get wrong about your life as a groupie, or groupies in general?

CASTER: A lot of people think I'm gonna be really bold and loud and kind of predatory. I don't think I am. I think I'm fairly reticent. I try to be on the quiet side. I try to put myself in other people's places. I personally wouldn't want to be descended upon, although other people would. As far as groupies in general, a lot of people think that they're very indiscriminate sexually, but I've known a lot of groupies who are very picky. They mainly want to be with rock stars. Maybe some of the people who look down on them are men who'd want to be with them but who would have been rejected by them, so they give them a bad rap.

DANVILLE: How did you become a "recovering groupie"?

CASTER: Because I rarely have sex with guys that I hardly know anymore, although it occasionally happens. I'm not really trying to recover. I don't care if I recover or not. I just noticed that I've slowed down. But it's in my blood, believe me. I find that every time I go to a concert, I have this groupie response to watching the band. I think, "Which one is the biggest partier? Which one's plaster material, if I should be so interested? What hotel would they stay at?" I may not necessarily try to find out further, but I do a lot of thinking.

DANVILLE: How competitive was the groupie scene in the Sixties and '70s? On the album *Permanent Damage* by [legendary groupie gang] the GTO's, there's a phone call between you and Dianne P. Caster and Miss Christine of the GTO's, and it almost sounds like she thinks you're the competition.

CASTER: She was trying to sound motherly, but she did sound more competitive, didn't she? When we were all young teenyboppers, wearing our Catholic school uniforms to the hotels, I had one experience where a girl tried to push me down the stairs, threw her body up against a door. Everybody was frantically trying to get to the floor without being thrown off by security. But it wasn't until we became the Plaster Casters that any competitive spirit seemed evident.

DANVILLE: Was it important to have a gimmick to help you stand out from the other girls?

CASTER: In retrospect I needed a gimmick, but I didn't realize it at the time. I didn't know anybody else with a gimmick. I noticed that there were other people who were trying to get the band's attention in strange ways, like bringing them presents, like teddy bears or jars of pickles. I thought, "Okay, that's not really helping. That's not gonna work for me." It wasn't original enough and it wasn't funny enough. I needed a way to get attention. They weren't gonna look at my fabulous, sexy clothes, because I didn't own any! When I was seventeen I looked like I was thirteen and it wasn't groovy to like thirteen-year-old girls. So it was important to get a gimmick, but we didn't know that.

DANVILLE: Describe making a plaster cast. Are you uptight? Is the guy uptight? Or are you both feeling kind of loose?

CASTER: There's a little apprehension when they first arrive, from not knowing what to expect. They're a little nervous about whether they're gonna match up to Jimi Hendrix! There's a little bit of tension coming from the subject. The platers [fluffers] usually say, "Tell me what to do. What's expected of me?" And there's a lot of tension from me, because that dental mold is so hard to mix. It's failed before. My friend Journey, who's in the outtakes of *Plaster Caster* talking about her own casting business, taught me her dental alginate mixing method, because it doesn't say how to do it on the can. We all had to figure it out on our own. She did it a totally different way, much more efficiently. It always works her way.

Then he's in the kitchen after he's been dipped. I'm trying to get the container positioned correctly after he's inserted his penis, tilted to the right position. There's a little bit of chaos for about a minute. Then dead silence while we're trying to help everybody to "think it hard." Then maybe "Ooohs" and "Aaahs" after the mold is set. "Look at that deep hole! It's a bottomless pit!"

DANVILLE: Did making the casts help you get guys into bed, or was it just for the comedy value?

CASTER: It was for the comedy value. Initially it was 90 percent comedy. I found that if I was having a good laugh, then I could bond with the guys. Especially the English ones. American bands took themselves seriously. Casting was an equalizer for everything. I

couldn't talk about music and I couldn't seduce, but I could make people laugh. I was very disappointed when I wasn't chosen Class Clown in high school!

I very seldom had sex with the guys. I unwittingly became the only mold mixer for the longest time. Somebody else would be the fluffer because it was just too costly and time-consuming for me to train somebody to mix alginate, so I didn't switch roles. But I got the souvenir!

DANVILLE: How many Plaster Casters have there been over the years?

CASTER: There have been several girls who have done it more than once, like Dianne, Lixie, Tammy, Harlowe, and Dana. There were Denise, Sherry, and Michelle. For the MC5 there was allegedly a girl named Gail, but as you see in the film I didn't find out until meeting [MC5 guitarist] Wayne Kramer that she didn't do any plating at all. There have been several more throughout the years. I guess there were between twelve and seventeen Plaster Casters.

DANVILLE: The list of people you've cast is pretty impressive. Everyone knows about Jimi Hendrix, but I was surprised you got [conservative talk-radio pioneer] Bob Grant. Are you gonna try for Rush Limbaugh?

CASTER: Noooo! I didn't really go after Bob. That was an unusual case. He contacted Bizarre Records and availed himself and we thought, "Oh God, this should be interesting." And Harlowe said, "Sure! I'll plate anybody!" He brought a tape recorder with him to make it really journalistic.

DANVILLE: What do you call the casts? Artifacts, sculptures, memorabilia?

CASTER: I call them my Sweet Babies! That's all I ever call them!

DANVILLE: So how many Sweet Babies does mama have these days?

CASTER: Mama has given birth to about fifty or sixty very sweet penis babies, and maybe about nine pairs of sweet baby titties. I've cast Sally Timms of the Mekons, Margaret Doll Rod of the Demolition Doll Rods and Julie Pomerleau, who plays with her boyfriend Bobby Conn, one of my favorite musicians.

DANVILLE: Why did you start casting women?

CASTER: They were way overdue in my collection, but I didn't know how to do it. That came about from talking with Journey. I did mine differently than she does. She does breast plates, I like to do [each breast] separately.

I'm finding that more and more of my favorite bands are either totally or partially comprised of women. There are a lot more great women songwriters now than there were in the Sixties. There were always great women singers, but now there are also instrumentalists. Great women drummers. Janet, the drummer in Quasi? I'd love to have her. And Marianne Faithful is very welcome.

DANVILLE: What do women say when you approach them?

CASTER: Happily so far they've been very willing to do it. They agree pretty much right on the spot. Lately I'm very cautious when I approach anybody, either for their penis or their breasts. I watch them and see if they appear like they would say yes. I don't like to be turned down.

DANVILLE: I can't imagine any rock stars doing that. Who's turned you down?

CASTER: Ian Svenonius of the Makeup. He talks about why he didn't want to do it in the film. He just kind of avoided me. He just kind of smiled and turned the other way. He tried to get out of doing it. That's kind of the norm. They don't know what to say. Another was Taj Mahal, who wasn't really approached. Harlowe lived in San Francisco and I was visiting her. She'd found this vintage Taj Mahal pillowcase and we offered it to him as a gift. We introduced ourselves as the Plaster Casters and said we were giving him a gift, and he turned it down. He said, "I don't want anything from those bad, evil Plaster Casters, which I think are disgusting."

DANVILLE: I read that comedian Eddie Izzard turned you down too.

CASTER: Eddie didn't say no, he just looked horrified. I'd had a few glasses of wine and I was feeling very friendly and confident. I guess I sorta pounced on him. He had this look of terror. It's very sad. I think he's so cool.

DANVILLE: When did casting become an art form for you?

CASTER: When Frank Zappa told me that's what it was. I thought, "Me, an artist? No, my classmates are artists, they're painters. That's what an artist is. I'm just having fun." You'd never think art could come from something that wasn't exactly intended as art.

DANVILLE: So how does it feel to be an artist?

CASTER: It feels mighty fine. I feel whole. I feel like I've done something.

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders has photographed portraits of some of the most influential people of our time, from George H. W. Bush and Orson Welles to Hillary Clinton and David Bowie. His latest book adds to his body of work in a particularly revealing way. ***XXX: 30 Porn-Star Portraits (Bulfinch Press)*** *exposes straight and gay porno actors with two shots each — clothed, then nude, both in the same position — accompanied by prose from an equally stellar group of contributors. Greenfield-Sanders spoke with Forum about this novel approach to some overlooked American icons.*

DANVILLE: After photographing presidents and Supreme Court justices, why did you do a book of porn-star portraits?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: In a way, porn stars fit into the body of work I've been creating all these years. I've always photographed people who are influencing culture. Presidents and movie stars and great artists are people who have influenced the way we think and the laws that affect us. Porn stars particularly now are influential in so many ways — in fashion, in music video, in plastic surgery, in the way that we look at ourselves. They're profoundly influential, and I didn't realize until a couple of years ago.

DANVILLE: When was that?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: It all goes back to when I saw the movie *Boogie Nights*, in 1997, and I started to think about porn stars in a completely different way. I started to think about them as people.

It took me a couple of years to actually meet a porn star. He came over and posed for me. He posed clothed, of course, but at the end he said, "Let's do a nude shot." I was a little taken aback. I said, "Let's do the same pose," because I really didn't know what to do! So in a sense the idea of "clothed and nude" was born that way. When I saw the pictures the next day, they were so powerful. The confidence in the nudity was surprising to me, and his choice of clothing was fascinating. I thought, "This is so interesting, I'm definitely going to do porn stars." Then I did nothing for three years! [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: How did you choose who to shoot?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: As a photographer, and as someone who does series of portraits, you always want to get every important person as part of that series. When I was doing the abstract expressionists, I knew I had to get Willem de Kooning, I had to get Robert Motherwell, and I had to get Isamu Noguchi. When I started to think about which porn stars I wanted to photograph, I knew I had to get Jenna Jameson, I had to get Nina Hartley, and I had to get Tera Patrick. It wasn't dissimilar.

I started by figuring out who the key people were. Jenna, Nina, Tera, one or two of the guys were key. Then I hired a guy who started to put lists together. I also talked to porn stars, and they'd say, "You have to have Ginger Lynn," or "You've got to have Briana Banks," or "There's a newcomer named Jesse Jane. " Then we started to cut it down to who was coming up all the time, who was available to us, and who represented a different type, like Mari Possa, who is very beautiful and quite interesting and who is very new and represents a different kind of look. You have to have a black guy too, so there's Sean Michaels and Lexington Steele.

As far as gay porn stars, each one of them represents a different type in that culture, so you have someone like Michael Lucas, who's a New York gay porn star, as opposed to Jeremy Jordan and Jason Hawke, who have a California look.

DANVILLE: It was good that you included some gay porn stars as well.

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: That was something I very much wanted to do. To me it was never even a question. I got some grief from a couple of people who said, "God, how can you do that?" I just said, "Why wouldn't I?"

DANVILLE: How long did it take until you were confident you got everybody you wanted?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: About a year and a half or two years. I started shooting Nina Hartley in December 2002.

DANVILLE: How were the porn performers to work with, knowing that they don't have the best reputation for showing up on time?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: I didn't know that until I got into it! [Laughs.] I was very lucky. To a great extent everybody showed up on time, which was pretty amazing. Maybe it was out of respect to me — or maybe it was luck!

I found them to be exceptional to shoot. They're so savvy about the camera, and they have a real sense of themselves in front of the camera. They're as good as the greatest actors I've shot. These are people who are really pros. They know how to do it, and they're very comfortable about it.

For me it was uncomfortable in the beginning, because I wasn't really used to that kind of nudity. My body of work has always been on this very intellectual level. Here somebody takes their clothes off, and they're standing in front of you with these gigantic breasts, and what are you supposed to say? You say, "Gee, you look great!" I learned that very quickly! [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: Is *XXX* a pro-porn book?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: It's a very wide-ranging view of porn. I tried to have the viewpoint of the porn stars, which are in the back of the book, which is not always pro-porn. Some are kind of sad and kind of unhappy. Some are very empowered by [porn]. So I think it's a book that's open to a lot of thought. With the writers, who range from Gore Vidal to John Malkovich to Salman Rushdie to Karen Finley, it's quite a range.

DANVILLE: Considering that porn is such a primal thing, appealing to people's basest instincts, were you worried that there would be a tendency to overthink the topic?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: No, I don't think that happened. All you have to do is read Lou Reed's essay. There's a lot of humor in the book, there's a lot of serious thought, there's a lot of politics, and porn is about all of that.

DANVILLE: Salman Rushdie's thoughts about the need for porn in societies that are sexually repressive could even be applied to America today, with John Ashcroft and George Bush.

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: You're right. The acceptance of porn by one side of America is balanced by the rejection from the other side. There's a real cultural battle going on, and I think the essays address that.

DANVILLE: How did Rushdie react when you asked him to contribute?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: I had actually asked him to write about the First Amendment, and he said, "No, I have another idea. Let me think about it." He came up with this other idea, which I think was wonderful.

DANVILLE: Did you have a relationship with commercial porn before you began working on *XXX*, and did it change in the process?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: I didn't really have a relationship with it at all. I knew who Jenna Jameson was, I knew who Nina Hartley was. I wasn't really a big consumer of porn. I'm someone who's so involved in my own world and my own interests. As a photographer, I'm a workaholic. Do I even have time to watch television? I watch *Six Feet Under*, and I watch *The Sopranos*. I'm too interested in my own world.

Then I became interested in porn stars — for a number of reasons, but primarily because they've become mainstream. You try and figure out why porn stars have become mainstream, and it's because of Howard Stern. I don't think porn has become mainstream. Porn stars have become mainstream. Porn is about arousal; porn is about something physiological. But porn stars are consumable. Porn stars are commodifiable.

DANVILLE: Years ago artist Jeff Koons had huge come-shot portraits of [his former wife and porn star] Cicciolina in art galleries around the world, and now porn stars are in art books.

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: Another interesting thing, which I didn't address in my book, is the way we look at porn in America and the way it's viewed in Europe or in Arab countries or in other countries where it's outlawed. There are very different acceptance levels.

DANVILLE: Did your shooting style for this book change for the topic?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: The way I work, it's no different shooting a porn star than it is shooting a Supreme Court justice. It's about a comfort level. When someone comes to me, I do what I can as a photographer to make them feel at ease. That involves sitting down with them and having a cup of coffee or having a drink, talking about what they want to wear, doing things to create an atmosphere.

With the porn stars, part of it was asking, "How do you think you look best? What's your best attribute? What's your best feature?" Gina Lynn said it was her butt, so we knew where that shot was gonna go!

Also, I don't tend to shoot a lot of pictures. I shoot in large format. These are 8×10 transparencies. I shoot in a very controlled way. I know what I'm after very quickly. I

don’t shoot dozens of images. I shoot anywhere from half a dozen to a dozen. Then the session’s over.

DANVILLE: Did their personalities change once their clothes came off?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: Seymore Butts is a cool guy with his clothes on, but without them he’s a little less confident, whereas Briana is va-va-voom.

DANVILLE: The real difference was with Ron Jeremy. In the first shot he’s smiling, and in the second he looks like he’d rather be anywhere but having his portrait taken. How much of this difference in attitude was because of your photo editing?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: I control that to an extent, but as a photographer I let people be themselves. When I looked at the pictures later, I probably just felt that was the best shot, and it worked so well with his little bit of a smile. It was pretty clear to me when I looked at the film that this was the great one or that was the great one. I wasn’t trying to make any statement about how I perceived them.

DANVILLE: Why were some of the people in the book styled and some unstyled?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: Some of them came in and I said, “Let’s do a shot just the way you are now,” and they were like, “What?” [Laughs] Some felt a little uncomfortable with that, but I think they enjoyed the makeup process, getting dolled up. I also wanted to bring a modern hair and makeup look to this. Porn styling can be an aesthetic I’m not comfortable with or used to. I think it was fun for them to have very, very important hair and makeup people to do them as really beautiful people. It was great to see that, too.

DANVILLE: Do you have a favorite on-set story?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: On the set it comes to, “How do you look the best? What’s your best pose?” I asked Savannah Samson that question and she said, “With my ankles up over my head!” I knew that she was saying that as a joke, but I thought for a second, *Maybe she’s right! Should we try something with that?* [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: Why didn’t you contribute any writing yourself?

GREENFIELD-SANDERS: I’m a decent writer, but I’m not a writer on the level of these people. Simon Dumenco wrote a wonderful foreword that explains what I wanted to do in his voice better than I could in my voice. My portraits speak for me.

Bill Plympton

Bill Plympton has a dirty mind. But in his case, it's all in a day's work. Before his Academy Award nomination, the Oregon native did his time churning out illustrations and cartoons for adult magazines, many of which have been collected in his book ***The Sleazy Cartoons of Bill Plympton****. Best known for the surreal imagery in films like* ***Plymptoons*** *and* ***The Tune****, Plympton is again putting a new face on animation, creating his latest feature,* ***Hair High****, live on the Internet. He stepped out from behind his drawing board to talk about swinging balls, pregnant piñatas, and when a vagina isn't really a vagina.*

DANVILLE: Are you an animator, an illustrator, or a cartoonist?
PLYMPTON: To tell you the truth, I consider myself a comic who does drawings. I started out as a cartoonist for *National Lampoon* and *Rolling Stone* and various magazines, but I really realized that my goal in life is to make people laugh. I think whether I do it through my cartoons or my animations, it's still the same.
DANVILLE: What is it about the rainy Great Northwest that makes for great illustrators and animators? Lynda Barry and Matt Groening are from there, right?
PLYMPTON: Yes, and John Callahan is from there. Gary Gilmore is from there too, so you become either a psychopathic killer or a cartoonist. That's your choice.
DANVILLE: Which choice did you make?
PLYMPTON: [Laughs.]That's a good question. I guess half-and-half. I'm still sort of straddling the gate, aren't I?
DANVILLE: Did you read a lot of comic books when you were growing up?
PLYMPTON: I did, but it wasn't comic books that really influenced me so much; it was animation. Warner Brothers cartoons like Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck. And Disney, of course. That was my big influence.
DANVILLE: When did you realize that cartoons are really for adults and not for kids, and how did that affect the way you wrote and drew them?
PLYMPTON: It really hit me with Ralph Bakshi's *Fritz the Cat*. The potential for doing adult humor in animation was really exploited in that film. I knew it was sort of there with

Fantasia and some of the other more sophisticated Disney films and Chuck Jones stuff, but it was *Fritz the Cat* that opened up the potential to me. After that, it was Japanese animation.

DANVILLE: Like hentai?

PLYMPTON: Yes, exactly. I love it. I think it's great.

DANVILLE: DO you think those cartoons are appropriate for kids to be seeing these days? The audience for that really is kids.

PLYMPTON: Yes, definitely, the young teens are eating that up. That's my market. Or actually, older teens.

DANVILLE: Is hentai as a logical extension of the laughable violence of Tom and Jerry cartoons?

PLYMPTON: Absolutely. I think if Tex Avery were alive today, he'd be doing gross-out stuff, really adult porno.

DANVILLE: Have you ever had the urge to let loose with something like that?

PLYMPTON: I actually have, a couple of times. I think the stuff I did in Flash computer animation is very offensive, and very politically incorrect. One of them features a woman who's going to deliver a baby. The doctors rush her on a gurney down the hospital aisle into the operating room. She pushes and pushes and pulls and pulls, and the baby won't come out, so they tie her arms and legs with ropes and hoist her in the air and start hitting her like a piñata to the tune of mariachi music. Then all these toys and candies and gifts come out. A lot of women would be angry with me for doing that if I showed it [in a theater], but for some reason in Flash on the Internet, it's acceptable.

DANVILLE: You started out working for adult magazines, which you still seem proud of.

PLYMPTON: Absolutely. I did a lot of *Screw* covers and *Screw* cartoons.

DANVILLE: Did you work for adult magazines as a way to get yourself published, or was it because you really appreciate a good dirty joke?

PLYMPTON: Oh no, I believed in it. Back in school I was doing sexy cartoons of my classmates and getting in trouble for it. So I realized that not only did I like doing sexy stuff, but all my classmates liked looking at it too.

I knew early on that there was a real fondness for sex and weird drawings like that. Weird humor, off-the-wall humor. You had seen stuff like Charles Addams and [pulp

paperback illustrator] George Gross and people who were doing really bizarre cartoons. I was a big fan of that stuff, and it influenced me.

DANVILLE: Were you doing gag panels or illustrations for adult mags?

PLYMPTON: I was doing both, but I was mostly doing illustrations. I got more money with illustrations. I did cartoons for *Cheri*, but the money I made was mostly from illustrations. Not only did I do sex cartoons, I also did normal publications like *The New York Times* and *Vanity Fair*. But the fun part for me was sex cartoons. I really enjoyed that. I would make $50 here and $30 there. It wasn't a lot of money, but I just liked hanging out with those guys and going to parties. I remember going to Plato's Retreat for *Screw* magazine's anniversary. I thought, "Oh, this is really cool!" It was fun. It was more of a social thing than it was a money-making thing back then.

DANVILLE: What makes for a good dirty gag panel? What do you have to communicate to the reader in a single picture or short cartoon?

PLYMPTON: It's got to be outrageous. Usually you take a cliché and you do something twisted to it, you do something really surprising. That makes the most successful cartoons. One animation I did, "The Ultimate Blowjob," was a guy getting his dick sucked. As the camera pulls back, you see that his legs were getting sucked and his arms were getting sucked and his head was getting sucked. That was the ultimate blowjob! So you take something that's really a sexy cliché, and then you just take it one step further or do something to it that makes it really surprising. I found a lot of humor there.

DANVILLE: You were nominated for an Academy Award for the short film *Your Face*, so there is actually life after working in porn, isn't there?

PLYMPTON: Yes, exactly!

DANVILLE: Is it true that it's an honor just to be nominated for an Oscar, or were you pissed that you didn't win?

PLYMPTON: [Laughs.] No, I knew I wouldn't win. I was up against a film that was a masterpiece. It was a real epic called *The Man Who Planted Trees*. It's this wonderful story about an environmentalist by this old guy who was blind in one eye, and this was his last, dying film, and it looked like a Monet. It just was really a masterpiece. So I knew I wouldn't win. But it was just a great experience. *Your Face* was my first film. I was very

young, and I was just so happy to be there. I've never been nominated since, and that's kind of frustrating. It's like, Okay, what happened?

DANVILLE: What did happen?

PLYMPTON: My humor got weirder and weirder and more sex-oriented, and the Academy, which as you know has an average age of about 70, doesn't get off on that sort of stuff.

DANVILLE: MTV must have been a perfect vehicle for your work.

PLYMPTON: Absolutely. MTV and *The Spike and Mike Show* are really the big market for me. Everybody who knows me saw my stuff on MTV.

DANVILLE: Once your stuff got a younger, hipper audience, did you tone it down or kick it up?

PLYMPTON: I realized that I had to keep within certain boundaries. I always felt that for television you had to keep within certain boundaries, and it wasn't until the mid-'90s, when Japanese anime came in and was so outrageous and then when the Internet started coming in, that I realized I could get away with doing really, really bizarre stuff, so I figured, "Why don't I give it a shot?"

DANVILLE: There are still times when the sex and violence in your work winds up being edited. You had to cut some stuff out of *I Married a Strange Person*.

PLYMPTON: Blockbuster forced me to make four cuts. They weren't the violent scenes; they were the sex scenes, naturally.

DANVILLE: Did you make the cuts willingly, or did you think, "If I don't make the cuts, I won't be in Blockbuster and I won't make any money?"

PLYMPTON: I had no problem cutting it. I wanted to be in Blockbuster. I want my films to be popular. I want my films to be seen around the world, so I had no problem making the cuts.

DANVILLE: What did you cut?

PLYMPTON: A scene where a guy was humping his wife from the rear so you saw his balls swinging back and forth. Blockbuster was particularly disgusted about that shot. And there was a shot where a guy crawls inside a woman's vagina to go to bed, and as the camera pulls out you realize it's just a blanket that looks like a vagina, it's not really a vagina.

DANVILLE: Blockbuster had a problem with that? [Laughs.]

PLYMPTON: Yeah. But they're in a director's cut on DVD. That was only done for the video release.

DANVILLE: Tell me about *Hair High*.

PLYMPTON: It's similar to *Carrie*, a Gothic high school tale. It's almost like a myth. It takes off on urban legends that were around when I was in high school, like Spanish fly.

DANVILLE: The girl at the drive-in with the stick shift?

PLYMPTON: Yeah. We use a lot of high school myths to make the story. It's very Gothic. I haven't really done much horror, so this one is over the top in terms of that.

DANVILLE: Speaking of over the top, what's your fantasy project?

PLYMPTON: I'd love for my next feature film to be an animated naked Angelina Jolie. She should come out in an animated version!

previous contents next

Niagara

If there was ever a lady who's one of the boys and still all woman, it's Detroit's own Niagara. A former singer who fronted the bands Destroy All Monsters and Dark Carnival (both featuring Ron Asheton, guitarist of Iggy and the Stooges), Niagara is also a highly accomplished and widely acclaimed painter who has exhibited at galleries around the world. Her main subjects are bad girls: tough-talking, hard-drinking dames with guns dangling from their fingers and cigarettes hanging from their lips. Recently Niagara took time out from her busy day to speak about bad girls — why people love them, why people hate them and how, under the right circumstances, they're like poodles.

DANVILLE: You focus a lot on "bad girls" imagery in your paintings. What makes a good bad girl?

NIAGARA: I was thinking about that just the other day, about how people say, "You know, all these powerful women, they're 'bad.' " Well, that's obviously true, but I think the quality that they have, aside from just being tough, is that they're so unfazed. They get themselves into bad situations and they're not affected by these bad things that are happening to them. Nothing will shock them. As far as what makes a good bad girl, the ability to get into bad situations and be unfazed! You can't be bad unless you've been through a lot of stuff and seen it all. Otherwise you'd be shocked all the time. The women in my paintings have seen a lot of things and been to a lot of places that other people might not go.

DANVILLE: If all great art comes from the artist's experience, what led to your art?

NIAGARA: The main thing is being in a band for all those years and traveling with my guys all over the country, and to different countries, and having to take care of myself with very little money or in bad situations. Every situation was bad, then we would laugh at it. When things went smoothly, it wasn't for us, it was for another band! When it was us, everything turned out pretty funny, because it was all bad. We'd play well, and we had good audiences, but it wasn't like we had any bit of a budget. You'd be driving down the road, then you're stopped by the cops and your car is filled up to your knees with

beer cans and then you're in hotels where there's a real heavy, dark element. But however bad it is, it just becomes a funny story.

DANVILLE: It's interesting that you use the term dark. Do you think of your paintings as dark and on the threatening side or do you think of them as ironic and kind of funny?

NIAGARA: They're definitely meant to be funny even though they certainly have unsavory types of plots. I like bright or simple or astounding paintings that just rule the room. The kind where you don't have to look for any hidden meanings. Detroit isn't about hidden meanings!

DANVILLE: Is there an archetypal bad girl in your work? Is the appeal of the typical Niagara girl in her look or in her attitude?

NIAGARA: I pretty much paint someone who isn't hideous according to my estimation. That doesn't mean fat or skinny. In fact it usually means pretty well beefed-up. Actually, I'm inspired by the movies. I used to watch old movies growing up. I just love film-noir girls, that perfect look with the perfect hair. They were all just perfect, with their makeup and their hair and all this crazy stuff. Just incredibly perfect. The other type is Sixties, straight-hair girls with a lot of makeup. But I usually go for the Hollywood detective-movie look. [Laughs.] I hate to say my inspiration is all from movies and TV because it seems like you ask artists about their inspiration and they say, "Well, I watch TV!" But when you're a little girl growing up with that, there are different things you take with you. There are some people, old movies didn't mean shit to them, but something like boxing matches did. I was suckered into movies.

DANVILLE: That happens to a lot of people. You're young and at the movies and you see [Fifties bombshell actress] Alison Hayes up on the screen and she's beautiful and round and she's got a gun in her hand and you think, "Yeah, this is good!"

NIAGARA: Even if she didn't have a gun we'd be screaming, because no one looks like that in real life! I just read something about Bill Kennedy, he was an actor, he had these old movies and he would show them on Channel 9; they weren't shown around the country but they were shown in Detroit. From watching those I would think that maybe everyone in Detroit would be painting like me. When I first started painting in the Pop style again and bringing it back and putting a new twist on it, I thought, "Oh, everyone is

doing this. This is embarrassing." But I realized after a while that no one else was doing it. I was so *pure*! [Laughs.]

In different ages and centuries there were always real strong women, but it seemed like that petered out after a while. When I started, movies and the whole pop culture thing weren't into strong women, but now everything that you pick up has a woman with a gun, until you just wanna puke! It's making me kinda squirm. [Laughs.] So the girls I paint are going into different kinds of directions, not always holding guns, and they're saying other strange things. I have a whole book of weird observations and sayings that don't always point to the gun thing. But you gotta admit, a saying with a gun has a whole different kind of meaning! It's so easy to get away with that. It usually is funny.

DANVILLE: It seems like nowadays women have the license to be bad and can be unapologetic about it. Who are some of the better bad girls out there now?

NIAGARA: [Velvet Underground vocalist] Nico was so amazing to me, like a Nordic Viking queen. She was incredibly strong — and on drugs — and singing these morbid songs and going around when nobody liked her. I just thought she was the greatest.

DANVILLE: What about gals like Janet Jackson or Paris Hilton, who have been getting their fair share of headlines for being bad these days?

NIAGARA: That kind of bad girl is totally under my radar. I don't really get it. I don't really know them. I know their names because I hear about them constantly, but they don't really mean shit to me.

DANVILLE: Does your work appeal more to men or women? Who are you aiming for?

NIAGARA: In the beginning when I was showing, not even that long ago, people who curated exhibits were telling the press that women love this. So people thought that most of the buyers were women, but as far as I can tell, it's 50/50. Tons of men are into it. Only one or two psycho men have taken offense to it, but hardly even that. I don't really get much flak from weirdoes.

DANVILLE: What do the guys object to?

NIAGARA: They're probably nuts and have some kind of problem with strong women, like they're making fun of men. I've gotten a few letters to my website like that; I just think they're funny and usually publish them. But hardly anyone ever does that. I'm

surprised that more people don't do that, but obviously people aren't as dumb as I think. [Laughs.] People usually just see my paintings and think they're funny. I can't believe I get all these people telling me that they like them. You'd think I'd get something else, but that doesn't usually happen.

DANVILLE: You were recently in an all-female artist book by Sherri Cullison called *Vicious, Delicious and Ambitious*, from which you curated a show called "Sirens." You've said that all-female shows like that were ghettoization. Aren't they a good way of promoting women artists or are they just condescending?

NIAGARA: I've been asked to be in lots of all-women shows and I just say, "Oh, forget it." Women seem to like them, the artists do them a lot and have gotten together. I wouldn't even be in the shows from the book. But I'm not in group shows that much anyway. It's not that I don't want to be around other women artists, I don't want to be around anyone! [Laughs.] I want my own show! It just seems like there are so many male artists, and they wouldn't have an "all-male" show. To have an "all-female" show, it's like having an "all-poodle" show or something. I don't like it and yes, I think it's condescending, but no one else does. I don't know what you're gonna get with this rant! [Laughs.] Everyone else is having fun doing it and they're always great shows, and I'm just . . . snotty about it!

DANVILLE: Do the women who like your work feel they're in a sisterhood of bad girls?

NIAGARA: Gee, I don't know what they're thinking. I hope they're not thinking that. That would be creepy! I vaguely remember the 'Sixties, but I remember that it was supposed to be about women's rights. Then when you look back at Sixties pop culture, you see the Rat Pack, and all these women who had to shut their mouths unless they were sucking your cock. You get this picture that it wasn't much more emancipated than the Forties. The Forties were more emancipated, because women were in the work force. But that's good, because I didn't know. I thought everyone was emancipated. I had no idea.

DANVILLE: Your paintings certainly give the impression that you're a woman who's in control.

NIAGARA: Yeah, I'm in control of all these situations. I could have gotten a job. Well, I couldn't get a job, okay? I could not get a job and this was all I could do, paint! [Laughs.]

But yeah, I put things together as much as I can. I don't think that's an aberration. That's just normal, I think. People think that a strong woman or someone who's doing work like this and can organize whatever she wants is some kind of odd bird, and she's not. She's probably just some kind of normal person. Just a normal, regular person who's pretty together with her life. But I can't go to the bank or anything. I can't organize anything like that. I can't organize a meal! I can make coffee, though. [Laughs.] God, I probably want to be one of those women and don't even know it.

DANVILLE: [Laughs.] Niagara, go make me some eggs!

NIAGARA: Yeah, I wish! [Laughs.] I wish, *fucker*!

previous contents next

Andrea True

Nashville, Tennessee, native Andrea True has several claims to fame in the world of pop culture. The first is her career as an adult actress in the ”70s, starring in films like ***Illusions of a Lady***, ***Meatball***, *and* ***Head Nurse***. *The other is as singer of the 1976 disco classic “More More More,” and the follow-up singles “N.Y., You Got Me Dancing” and “What’s Your Name, What’s Your Number.” We caught up with the porn queen turned disco diva, who told us about the Swinging ”70s, her connection to Henry Kissinger, and how to work a record.*

DANVILLE: What did you do before you started your career in adult films? I heard you appeared in the film *The Way We Were*.

TRUE: I was what was called a dress extra. We were really well-paid and it was a lot of fun being on the set. I was right there with some of the major stars. It was a lot of fun and a good learning experience. I was a model, too. I modeled high-fashion clothes, but nothing too high-fashion because I was too busty until I lost a great deal of weight for a short period of time. I had certain boutiques that were mine, so to speak, who’d put ads in *The New York Times* and a few magazines. I worked in a bunch of banks. I was a secretary. You could have had a Ph.D. in those days and they’d have made you a secretary!

DANVILLE: Did you have any legitimate acting training?

TRUE: Yes. I went to the Herbert Bergdorf Studios. I’d been in a lot of productions when I was very young. I must have been in 10 musicals, some with the National Symphony Orchestra. I did *Oklahoma!* with them. I was also a prodigy at the piano. I did performances for the public when I was a child.

DANVILLE: How far back does your show-business career go?

TRUE: Back to when I was six. I grew up in a boarding school that was dedicated to the performing arts. I had an acting teacher who put me in a great many productions, acting and singing. By the time I was 18 I was really stage-ready.

DANVILLE: How did you meet Harry Reems?

TRUE: Harry Reems had gone to school with my boyfriend. We fixed a lot of meals at home, and Harry was a starving actor! [Laughs.] He used to come have dinner with us once a week, and he was so appreciative. Everything I made, he loved.He ate lots and lots of it.

DANVILLE: Did you and Harry act together? He was doing a lot of stage work before *Deep Throat* hit.

TRUE: He did a lot of Off-Broadway and Off-Off-Broadway. I think it was evident that both Harry and I came from the stage, because our first films were so awful. They were tremendously funny. I think they were very funny. Harry had his doctor character and I was the not-too-stupid nurse. I didn't play a dummy, but I was the straight man. Harry and I were too loud and exaggerated. I was accustomed in acting to reach the back row, and so was Harry. He has a strong voice and so do I. So I think it was evident that we were from the stage, and nobody corrected us. The directors we worked with had never directed anything. Except I remember one guy who was from the advertising business, he gave us a lot of direction, which was good. Gerard Damiano [director of *Deep Throat*] gave us a lot of direction. He liked Harry's doctor character.

DANVILLE: How did you go from stage acting to adult films?

TRUE: Harry got me involved. I never made loops. I only did features. He had told me that within six months of when we did our first film together that a film was going to come out that was going to be very famous and was going to be publicized a lot — that film was *Deep Throat*. I believed him. But he also said, "Nobody's ever going to see them. Use any name you want." Which I did. I used Helen Bed, Inger Kissen, which is a play off "Henry Kissinger." [Laughs.] Warren Beatty caught on to that, when he saw that film credit!

I didn't think anyone was going to know about those films, but I'll tell you something: I bet that a lot of people would be embarrassed to be in porn movies, but I never did anything on-screen that I didn't approve of sexually. Sure, I had limits. Some people have no limits, but I had limits. No rear entry, nothing too kooky. Just a lot of fun. Some very inventive sex, but nothing I would consider far out.

DANVILLE: Back in the '70s, performing in porn films was a rebellious act for some people, because it was underground and still illegal. Did you think of it that way?

TRUE: Absolutely. Looking back at myself back then, psychologically, I was pretty angry, and I didn't know it. I had kind of an abusive childhood. I had some pretty bad experiences with my family when I was growing up. Also, my father had died when I was 15, and I think I was angry. I don't think there was a question that I was rebellious. I was always a leader among women — I went to an all-girl school — and I do think that it was exciting from a rebellious standpoint. It fed into the ideas of the Sixties and '70s "revolution." Of course I was able to continue on into that with my music.

DANVILLE: You didn't work in adult films for very long.

TRUE: No, I was involved from the end of 1972 to the latter part of 1975. I know that porno stars today, some of them have been in the business for 20 years! Jamie Gillis has been in the porno industry for more than 30 years. I'm not sure that he got into the business in 1972, but I think it was around then.

DANVILLE: Why did you finally get out of the business?

TRUE: My career was going nowhere, but I was getting so famous for it that I thought I didn't want it to be my claim to fame in life. The films weren't getting any better, either. They had reached a plateau where about the most anybody would spend on one was about $200,000. Those films were very pleasant, compared to the cheapies from the old days, but I didn't see that the business was going to move forward — by that I mean bigger budgets and better films. And I was getting tired of it. It was becoming routine and boring and repetitive. I was at the height of my earning power and fame, and I thought that was a good time to take off. When you're on top is a good time to quit.

I was at the height of my earning power and I had saved some money, and I decided I was going to work on my music career. The year before I had appeared at a Manhattan nightclub called The Riverboat with some wonderful reviews. A man named Gregg Diamond had been improving as a music producer. When I left New York to live in Los Angeles, I listened to something he had produced, and it was so good I couldn't believe it. I thought it was phenomenally good.

DANVILLE: Tell us about recording the song "More More More."

TRUE: Gregg came down to Jamaica where I'd been working, and I heard what he'd been doing. I chose the simplest tracks that he'd recorded in New York, and we recorded the vocals and the horns. The company with the studio we were in, Federal,

bought the record right there on the spot, for the whopping sum of $2,500 American dollars. U.S. currency is what I needed too, because thanks to the problems going on in Jamaica, you couldn't take money out of the country, whether it was Jamaican or U.S. You couldn't even get U.S. currency at the bank, and we needed the money to get out of there. So even though I had a lot of Jamaican money, Gregg took most of the $2,500 back to the States.

DANVILLE: How long did it take for "More More More" to become a hit? Did you think it would be that big?

TRUE: No, I didn't. We recorded it in November 1975, we signed a deal with Buddah Records in December 1975, and the record came out in January 1976. The song took about six months to hit. Everybody in the music industry says, and I think they're correct, that it was a "worked" record, which means that we worked very hard to promote it. And we did. I flew to Europe. They had the equivalent of MTV before we did, and I did a short film singing it. There was no American "video" for it, but there were films done. The one that was shot in Germany took three days for a three minute song. It was just me standing on a multicolored box thing, with colored lights all around. He did a really good job. After the song became a hit we put a band together, got some dancers: the Murray the K Dancers, which Murray said I stole from him. [Laughs.] We put a show together, we took it out of town, we got some reviews first, and when my manager felt we were ready for the road, he started booking us around.

DANVILLE: How long were you on the road promoting the single?

TRUE: For 12 years! I was on the road for 12 years behind that song. Of course, I'd had two other hits too, and whenever one would come out I'd get another group of bookings, but I could have just ridden "More More More" for a long time.

DANVILLE: Obviously being an adult-film star didn't hurt your music career.

TRUE: Definitely. I wouldn't have had the hit record were it not for the porn publicity punch, which helped at the beginning. Also, the record company executive had seen my films, and he knew that I was at the Riverboat. All of that contributed.

DANVILLE: Do you think other women in porn will have mainstream success?

TRUE: I sure hope somebody in the business makes it other than Traci Lords.

DANVILLE: Do you still make money off of your music, or were you one of those artists who signed everything away?

TRUE: Yes, I make money off it. In fact I'm expecting a major check soon for synchronization rights, which have to do with synchronizing music to film for commercial purposes or movies or whatever they can use it for.

DANVILLE: "More More More" has been used in so many places, like the advertisements for *Sex and the City*.

TRUE: The Pantene hair commercial is running now too. And I love the way they used it for the love scene in *The Last Days of Disco*.

DANVILLE: What are you doing these days? I understand that you do mail-order astrology charts.

TRUE: I was doing that, but I'm not doing it any longer. It was fun and I enjoyed it, but the volume of work became too much. I just couldn't hack it and still be able to do it personally. Anybody can do a computer chart and just mail someone a computer generated version. I'm still employed as a consultant to an astrology company. It's a direct-mail company. I've been working with them for years. For about two years I was very actively involved in working for them, doing predictions on a mass level, but they reorganized; I haven't done anything for them for months.

DANVILLE: So you're just happily retired these days?

TRUE: That's right! I'm doing nothing, which is great. It won't be like this forever, but for now it's fun!

previous **contents** **next**

Dian Hanson

*From 1987 to 2002, Dian Hanson served as editor in chief of **Leg Show** magazine, remembered today as one of the country's top fetish publications. Thanks to her personal dealings with readers and leading figures in the fetish community, the sexy and intelligent Hanson gained a wealth of knowledge about the kinkier side of life and the inner workings of that most complex sex organ, the human brain. Hanson took some time out from her duties as Sexy Books Editor for Taschen USA to speak about where fetishes come from, where they take us, and where they're going next.*

DANVILLE: Once and for all, what's a fetish?
HANSON: A fetish is a displacement of sexual desire away from the genitals to a nonsexual object or body part, meaning that instead of being aroused by a female genital, you're aroused by a shoe or a hand or a foot. But I don't think that feet qualify as fetishism. I believe that's partialism, because the foot has many things going for it that make it a sexual part of the body on its own.
DANVILLE: What's the difference between having a fetish for something and having a taste for it?
HANSON: You're not going to be aroused unless that object is present. That's the other part of it. It's not just that you like it, not just that your sex is better if the woman is wearing a slip or a pair of nylon panties or a pair of high heels, but that you wouldn't be able to achieve an erection and function sexually unless the slip was present, or unless the panty was present, or unless the shoes were present.
DANVILLE: So a fetish isn't a perversion or paraphilia.
HANSON: I don't quantify any of these things. A "perversion" has come to mean something negative, but it's a "perverting" of nature, a changing of nature, altering nature. So you can say that a paraphilia is a perversion and therefore it's an alteration of a simple need to reproduce, but humans are more sophisticated than that. You could say that having perversions is a part of the human male experience, that it's part of being an elevated species, part of being a thinking species. It's part of the big brain.
DANVILLE: Are there negative aspects to having a fetish?

HANSON: The majority of fetishists I ran across while doing *Leg Show* were more upscale than average. They tended to be white-collar. They tended to have obsessive personalities. You probably don't have a fetish unless you have an obsessive personality. And it's definitely a male thing.

The fetishist is always going to respond to the fetish object, but that doesn't mean he's going to be a criminal or out of control. The only bad thing about it is how it might limit your choice of partners or your ability to have a happy sexual relationship with another person, because if it's a true fetish, you're going to have to have the fetish object there during sex. Most women are not really very understanding of this. It's the lucky fetishist who's able to find the woman who will put on the high heels every time or have the panties every time.

I would counsel a guy to develop the ability to fantasize solidly about the object of his fetish. If the shoe is in the room, have it sitting over someplace where you can see it when you're having sex, so you can look at it and think about it. That can usually be enough. You can train yourself so that will be enough to have sex with your wife in sort of a standard reproductive way and still get your gratification.

DANVILLE: Why are some people so ashamed of having a fetish?

HANSON: Because they perceive it as being abnormal. Everybody wants to be a healthy specimen. We don't want to be helpless, and you're certainly helpless with a fetish. The fetishist can't change it, can't stop it, can't shift it onto something else. So just having it outside someone's control is quite unmanning. Men expect to be in control of their lives and in control of their behavior.

DANVILLE: Is fetishism essentially a male phenomenon?

HANSON: Yes, it is. Maybe one percent of women have anything approaching a real fetish. Lesbians seem to have more than heterosexual women. I've received letters from lesbians over the years that describe what seems to be real fetishistic behavior or fetishistic attachments.

DANVILLE: Such as?

HANSON: Panties, shoes, lingerie items from other women. And where they had acted like men. A fetishistic man may lurk around a laundromat as a teenager and wait for the opportunity to get some panties alone or go into the machine and actually go after them.

Where you would have that sort of intense drive where you would go and seek it out. I've heard of that kind of behavior from lesbians, [such as] hanging out at a friend's house and going in the hamper in the bathroom and getting something out of it.

DANVILLE: Do fetishes result from some childhood trauma or experience, or are some of them an acquired taste?

HANSON: There's lots of debate about that. In all my research on this [Laughs.], judging from the letters and phone calls from my readership over a 15-year period, a lot of people have strong memories of the first time they responded to the item [they fetishize]. I think that there's an inborn predilection, and you'll often find that if a fetishist confesses to his father, he'll find that his father had the same fetish. I've known a number of people with fetishes who believed that this was something inborn and reported that they knew of other male members of their families with those same tastes.

I think that you have to have the predilection of being obsessive and being extremely either visually, tactilely, or olfactorally oriented. You certainly have to have a strong response to your senses, because fetish items fall into that category. They're either things you touch, things you smell, or things that look a certain way — shiny, satiny, whatever — that provide an overstimulation of the senses.

At the same time there has to be a trigger moment. Usually between the ages of three and five they hear something, they see something that causes this intense reaction and takes them by surprise and causes an erection. They remember it, and they go back and look for it. Then they start replaying the experience to try to get the original response again, and they train themselves into it.

This is true of all sex. A guy who likes a big ass — something very simple and very normal — had the same experience as the young fetishist. He looked up his mom's skirt and saw her big ass cheeks, and instead of focusing on the panties, he focused on the ass. Society thinks it's normal to focus on the ass and not normal on the panties, but it's caused by the exact same experience. So it's not trauma. I think they're just learning experiences.

DANVILLE: I know people who have fetishes and trace it back to their Catholic roots.

HANSON: This is the old thought about how a fetish is formed, that a child was so deeply traumatized. . . . Say they were caught masturbating and they were taught, "This

is evil," or they were caught looking at their sister's pussy and they were told, "This is evil," that Jesus won't love them anymore and their parents won't love them anymore. The child desperately wants to be loved, but he also desperately wants his sexuality, so he turns it to something that was not proscribed: "I won't look at pussy, I'll just look at the panties," and that's okay. He makes a deal with himself.

I don't think that would work unless you already had a fetishistic bent, unless you had the genetic makeup to focus on these things, because there are plenty of little boys who are caught masturbating and are told they shouldn't do that and they say, "Okay, I just won't let Mom catch me." It takes a certain type of boy to turn it to fetishism. The kind who wishes to please deeply is more likely to take it so seriously that he has to turn it to something else.

DANVILLE: When people think of fetishes, they think leather or rubber or shoes. What are actually the most prevalent fetishes?

HANSON: In places like England and Germany people really do fetishize leather and rubber, but I don't think that many people in this country do, because they have no early-life experience with them to cause that fixation. The fixation for rubber had to do with people wearing rubber raincoats and rubber aprons. There are things that went on in England and Germany that didn't go on in America. When people wear rubber in America, that's just fashion. If the young woman who puts on a $1,000 rubber dress actually meets someone at a club who has an aching boner when he meets her, she probably isn't going to consider that a compliment! What she wants is for some fashionista to look at her and say, "Oh, what a fabulous dress!"

DANVILLE: Maybe those women just have a fetish for being complimented by fashionistas.

HANSON: [Laughs.] There's nothing sexual there. Some women say, "I'm a shoe fetishist," but if they were, they'd see a pair of shoes and they would have an erection of the clitoris; they would be producing vaginal lubrication; their breathing would quicken; and their palms would grow damp. That's the response of a shoe fetishist. I've never known a woman who said she was a shoe fetishist who, when confronted with what her physiological response should be, said, "Oh yeah, that's what I'm experiencing." The most common fetishes in America are panties, stockings, pantyhose, and shoes.

DANVILLE: So the almost stereotypical items really do get fetishized.

HANSON: It's the things that represent the desired female genital area, whatever is in closest contact with the female genital area or erogenous zone. If you figure that it's just a turning away from the genitals because it's forbidden or sinful or just too disturbing to think of the female genitals, then you turn toward what's nearest. You turn to the covering, and you fetishize the covering, because it wouldn't be right to take the covering off. So you fetishize the panties. Plus the panties carry the intimate smell of the woman, so it gives you this token you can keep and take along with you in your pocket! Stockings also hold the odor of the foot, so generally someone who fetishizes stockings is also a partialist for feet, "partialism" being when you have an extreme attachment or you focus your sexuality on just one part of the body instead of the whole person.

DANVILLE: Does partialism apply when a person concentrates on a part of the body that's already an erogenous zone?

HANSON: Yeah, then you're a partialist and not a fetishist. I include feet with that because feet do make pheromonal substances. They make a strong, clearly personal smell. So much of fetishism is about odor. Men fetishize what's feminine about a woman. You as a man probably like to get down and smell pussy, and when you smell pussy, it probably arouses you. Am I perhaps right? [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: You are perhaps right, yes! [Laughs.]

HANSON: If a man is heterosexual, the smell of it is arousing to him. He just wants it removed! [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: A few years ago transvestism got a lot of attention in the media, then S&M became mainstream. What will be the next big fetish to capture the nation's attention?

HANSON: There's been an enormous change just recently in footwear. We've got fashion designers competing with Manolo Blahnik to make sexy shoes. We'd gone for years without seeing high heels or spike heels worn on a regular basis. Then Manolo Blahnik made flimsy spike-heeled, sexy-toed shoes popular. They started showing up in magazines like *In Style* and *Vogue*, all the regular women's magazines, and the cheap companies started making knockoffs. If you check Victoria's Secret, you can buy knockoffs of big-designer stiletto shoes for $50. In the past couple of years you've seen more and more really sexy stiletto shoes on the street. So I'm going to say that men are

becoming more shoe-conscious. Anytime a woman attaches sexuality to something or admits to any type of sexual fixation, men pay attention really quickly, because they desperately want to believe that women enjoy sex as much as they do.

DANVILLE: So what about you, Dian? What's your fetish?

HANSON: I'm a woman. I don't have a fetish! [Laughs.]

previous contents next

Mason

In the past three years, Mason has become one of the most controversial figures in porn. The director of such titles as ***Lady Fellatio*** *and the recently released* ***Mason's Dirty Trixxx 2 (Elegant Angel)*** *is part of a growing trend that adds face-slapping, choking, and hair-pulling to their depiction of hard-core sex — which isn't controversial in and of itself until you realize that Mason is a woman. She could also be porn's most captivating character: Claiming a former career as a child television star, she also refuses to show her face in public. We cornered the enigmatic director and asked her about the beauty of surrender, "couples" porn, and the erotic appeal of oil slicks.*

DANVILLE: You say our culture instills images about women's sexuality that do a lot of damage. Describe those attitudes and how they're instilled?

MASON: Women are raised to be a lot more guarded with their sexual expression than men are. Men are encouraged to get out there and fuck as many women as they can. That's just part of who they are, how I guess they're raised.

DANVILLE: How did your upbringing affect you?

MASON: I come from a really sexually repressive background. For the longest time I was at odds with my own sexuality. I repressed a lot of it. If you had asked me that six months ago, I could just go on and on and just recite all the feminist rhetoric. But it's so hard for me now because I'm such a different person. Now that I've been in this industry and met women who are comfortable with themselves, I've gone a full 180. I feel so liberated. It's hard for me to even grasp how I was before. It's so far removed from where I am now, because I'm just such a different person. I see myself as a symbol of sexually liberated women. I get a lot of e-mails from women who say, "Thank you for being so honest. Thank you for being so brave. You've made me feel like there's nothing wrong with me, that I can embrace my sexuality."

DANVILLE: How have you done that as a director?

MASON: In a lot of my scenes, where I'm dominant and the men are dominant with the women, the women "aggressively submit." They go balls-out. That sounds like a contradiction, but they really do. They give themselves. They surrender their sexuality.

They're uninhibited. They just go. There have been many times after a scene when the women say, "Fuck, you just gave me such a great venue to express myself. You took me to a place I hadn't been before. It was a great experience."

DANVILLE: What can people expect to see when they watch your work?

MASON: They'll see women who really don't hold back. A lot of times the girls are saying, "Come on, hit me again. Choke me!" One of my favorite lines in *Lady Fellatio 2* is Alexandra Quinn saying, "Choke me, you fuck!" That's great, that's just going somewhere that women don't usually go. Of all the people I've worked with, I think that Alexandra has really taught me the most. She's taught me that it's okay to be sexual. Women are raised to just hide [their sexuality] and be ashamed of it, but she's so fucking out there! She rolls around in a fucking oil slick, and she revels in it. Fuck, how can you not find that contagious?

DANVILLE: Lots of people would say your work is degrading, that it instills a negative attitude toward women.

MASON: I think it's all in the perception. If you come to the table having to protect women and open the door for them, that's great. But all those little things, all those customs, instill the belief that women are somehow not as powerful as men, that they need protection. If you look at my videos from that perspective, of course you're going to see them as degrading. But I think they're really beautiful in a way. [Laughs.] If you can surrender yourself to somebody else and take what they're giving you, it can be so empowering. It can be so erotic, it can be so fucking hot to let yourself go like that. This is new for me personally, too. I never really publicly express my own sexual tastes, but since I'm becoming more liberated, more open. People think I'm dominant, but I'm not.

DANVILLE: You sound like an aggressive submissive yourself.

MASON: Yeah, I am. Not when I'm directing, because I have to bring [submissiveness] out of my female performers. It would be hard for me to be submissive behind the camera and get what I want from them. But in my own life I'm very submissive. The scenes in my videos are all my fantasies. Every single scene I've shot is something I would put myself in. If I can't do it myself, or haven't done it myself, or wouldn't do it myself, I won't shoot it.

DANVILLE: Do you like being choked and slapped?

MASON: I don't like being choked. I tried it once and almost passed out. It was the most nauseating, horrible experience. When I came to, it was, like, "Whoa, what the hell was that?" I do like someone having a firm grasp on my neck, but no, not being choked. But slapping? Oh, yeah! It's always consensual, though. You have to be comfortable about who you're with. It's usually with someone that I'm in a relationship with or someone I'm very close to. I don't want just some random person doing that to me or anybody else.

DANVILLE: How do you prepare your actors for a scene?

MASON: I go through a very thorough screening with the girls I use. The guys as well. I do a phone interview with them first, and I usually meet with them. I want them to gain my trust. I want to make sure that they're cool with it before I go through with it. I want to make sure they've either had this experience or are in the right frame of mind to do it.

I attempted to use one person who said she was game for it, and when I showed her a video she was like, "Yeah, this seems really cool," but when the scene started, she wasn't comfortable. So I canceled the shoot. She had driven up from San Diego and was, like, "No, please, I want to do this. I really want to. I'll be okay." We went about five minutes into the scene and were just getting to the blowjob, and she was really uncomfortable. I said, "No, we can't do it." She was, like, "Please, I can do it, I can do it," but I said, "No way, there's no way," even though she wanted to finish.

I felt kind of bad because I'm a proponent of women. Whatever they choose to do is what they're going to do. You shouldn't really stop them. But I think she was too young. I think that she might have been motivated by money, and I didn't want to do it. It wouldn't have been cool for anybody. Even the guy wasn't into it. He was, like, "No, I don't want to do this. This isn't cool."

DANVILLE: So sometimes the actor doesn't want to slap the actress?

MASON: Oh, yeah. It's really hard to find guys who are game for it. It's very difficult. I like that, though, because I find— Well no, I don't like it. It's weird. It's a double-edged sword. I don't like it, because I interpret that as them wanting to protect women. It makes me think they don't get it, that they see women as powerless. It's really hard to find guys who can understand where I'm coming from.

People have asked me to portray my women as powerful, to have them go after the men and take a strap-on to them, but that's not me. I don't like to see men roughed

up and I don't like to do it, so it's hard for me to film that. It's as if because I'm a woman, people want me to be powerful and portray women as powerful. I get offended by that. It's not me. I can't do it.

DANVILLE: You definitely don't make "couples" porn.

MASON: I have a problem with "couples" porn, because it implies that it's the woman, not the man, who's saying, "Honey, let's watch porn, but it has to be more tame." That term is indicative of women who feel that they have to watch tamer, more romantic stuff. I don't think women are like that. I think they're a lot more expressive. They just haven't been encouraged to develop that side of themselves. It will be great when it's not a huge revelation for a woman to say, "Yeah, I do like the harder stuff."

DANVILLE: What kind of porn were you raised on? Weren't you anti-porn for a while because you had a boyfriend who didn't like it?

MASON: I was going through my own sexual evolution. I wanted to branch out and look at porn. I started liking it, enjoying it, and he was like "This is so wrong." Whatever—I grew up on Ed Powers and Randy West videos, and then I graduated to Anabolic, and then to Elegant Angel and Evil Angel.

DANVILLE: Ever make an Ed Powers movie your fans should look for?

MASON: Uh-uh. [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: Did you ever think about it?

MASON: Not really. Well, I thought about it when I was in college and needed money. I was financially motivated more than anything. But I'm such a voyeur that I really get more aroused from watching than participating. It's hard for me to do anything to anybody in my own videos because I'm really shy and very reserved.

DANVILLE: Are you into the bondage or fetish scenes in your personal life?

MASON: No. I've been tied up. I was whipped once, and I really liked it. But I don't like all the pomp and circumstance. I like to take pieces from the dominant/submissive scene, but I don't like whips and latex and leather. I don't really get off on that.

DANVILLE: Gonzo porn is so much about establishing a director's persona and really getting his or her face out there to create a marketable, identifiable brand. What kind of persona are you projecting by not showing your face to your fans?

MASON: Somewhat enigmatic and somewhat mysterious. Somewhat removed. I don't want to be the focal point, even though all the setups are pretty much about where my camera leads me and what fantasy I'm filming. I don't want to dominate the scene. I want the participants to take control.

DANVILLE: You told me you were going to stop distributing a promotional picture of yourself wearing a burka because you thought it was too controversial. You court controversy with your work anyway, so why would you consider that photograph to be more controversial than your videos?

MASON: It's a very sensitive time right now. I try to be a cultural relativist, and even though I wholly disagree with the way that women are treated in Muslim countries, I still think they hold the burka as very sacred. For me to transgress on their culture, I think it's disrespectful. It's more about just respecting other people's culture, even though it's hard for me to grasp how a culture would repress women the way that Muslim countries do. That would be probably the only reason why I'll retire it. Not so much for controversy, because I can handle whatever is thrown at me.

I understand that I'm a controversial figure. Throughout my whole life I really haven't fit in. I've always been kind of on the outside. I've always been marginalized by my own tastes and whatnot.

DANVILLE: Speaking of fitting in, what do you see as a woman's place in the porn business these days?

MASON: I think a woman's place in porn is slowly changing. I've seen a lot of women go from just being objects to being in positions of more power. There are a lot more female directors who are coming up. I see women becoming more powerful, owning their titles, directing, and having more say. I see them taking a lot more control of their bodies. I really like that. I really encourage that. I see women taking more control of their bodies and their future.

DANVILLE: Including the right to be choked and slapped around?

MASON: Absolutely!

Sasha Grey: “I Think Therefore IM”

If you think you know Sasha Grey, think again. Whether you’ve seen some of her 100+ hardcore DVDs or scores of magazine layouts, you’ve never really seen her like this. The self-proclaimed “Fuck Junkie” took some time out of her busy schedule — sex films, art projects, and being named Female Performer of the Year at the 2008 Adult Video News Adult Movie Awards—to speak in the easiest way possible (by Instant Messenger) about music, her existentialist influences, and being a sex star in the age of the Information Superhighway.

DANVILLE: What separates you from other actresses in the business?
GREY: Hmmm. . . I own a Mossberg shotgun, that could be it! Oh, I dunno. . . being a transgressive artist. . . or it could be my esoteric sense of humor about the world we live in and life in general.
DANVILLE: Did you find hardcore or did it find you?
GREY: I’m a natural exhibitionist and provocateur, so it fits an inner conduit pretty nicely, don’t you think? I thought I could make a difference and represent a sex symbol (porn star) in a positive way, illustrate that it’s okay for a woman to (responsibly) want to fuck like a man. When I was 17 I started doing lots of research, reading interviews and watching porno at a feverish rate. There’s more going on than meets the eye, so I tried my best to understand it before I made a definitive decision. When I felt I was ready I drafted a mission statement, which is currently on display on my MySpace page. Then I got an agent and presto. . . Sasha Grey is born!
DANVILLE: What went through your mind the first time you stepped onto a porn set? What video was it for?
GREY: “Seduce and Destroy!” (not kidding). . . It was *Fashionistas Safado: The Challenge*. Really, I felt that I was absolutely in my element. It was amazing; I never imagined I’d be a part of a major project like that so early in my career. It was such a great honor to be able to work with John Stagliano and all the top industry performers. It was wonderful to stand alongside professionals who love what they do and take it

seriously. It was a euphoric high that bent itself far beyond just an amazing sexual experience. Beyond words.

DANVILLE: What non-sexual talent do you have that you'd like to bring to a porn flick?

GREY: Illustrated creativity, poetic atonal sonic detonations, and a taste of morose irreverence for good measure.

DANVILLE: Tell us about your first-time anal sex experience, since that's what you're probably best known for. Was it in your personal or your professional life?

GREY: I wouldn't say I'm best known for that. . . . Hopefully I'm known for being me. Hopefully folks get off because I'm me and not some fake robot. My first time was good. It was in my personal life and I got into it right from the get-go. Personal life or pro. . . My feeling on this is if you don't do it in your personal life, don't do it. . . . You really don't make enough money to writhe in pain and risk hurting yourself mentally for some unsympathetic porn company making a shitload of money off you.

DANVILLE: There's a lot of interaction between fans and talent on the Web these days, through stars' websites and sites like MySpace, even though not all of it is positive. Do you like being in touch with your fans that way?

GREY: In general I really enjoy it. . . It's something that if used with discretion allows fans to add another dimension to their fantasy women. As far as criticism, it comes with the territory. . . . I mean, sure, I wish folks wouldn't start ignorant rumors, but that's what happens when you're a public commodity. It's no different in mainstream entertainment. But if you're an SG supporter, thank you. Without the fans, I don't really exist. . . .

DANVILLE: What was the most unusual reaction a fan has had after meeting you?

GREY: I was at Amoeba Records shopping for rare vinyl and these two big (tremendously tall) death-metal guys were whispering stuff about me and they came up super nervous, clammy palms and all. . . . I mean, it was so funny how timid these guys looked. They said, "Wow, your Sasha Grey, right? Wow, can I shake your hand? Wow, you're awesome!" Funny shit.

DANVILLE: What are your favorite activities when you're off the set?

GREY: Reading, the cinema, creating my own music, going to gigs. Photography. Reflecting and writing about the sad, sick, decaying, beautiful glorious incongruity that we call life.

DANVILLE: Speaking of creating your own music, tell us about ATelecine.
GREY: Okay, but then I'll have to kill you! ATelecine is my art/music project with Pablo St. Francis. We've been recording on and off for about two years now. We'll put out some limited edition stuff with a few small independent labels very soon. The sound is very New York "No Wave," circa '82. Okay so, how do you want me to kill you? Really. 9mm Glock in the back of the head. . . acid bath. . . overuse of ellipses?
DANVILLE: You've done some work with Smashing Pumpkins recently.
GREY: Billy Corgan and I are friends. We both like Joy Division and he worked with New Order and we've both had the pleasure of meeting the late, great Tony Wilson, so there's that whole thing. Billy asked me if I'd like to collaborate and be a part of the artwork for their record, *Zeitgeist*. It was brilliant. In fact I was lucky enough to be part of another Pumpkin birth: I was in their video for "Superchrist," which is on a new compilation. Also brilliant and simple.
DANVILLE: How did you like working with Dave Navarro on *Broken*?
GREY: Dave's a funny guy. Coming from a musical world he really understands rhythm, ebb and flow. . . . The stylization is a bit towards MTV but that's okay, it works. . . He really understood what he wanted to convey, and that's an important quality for a director. Plus he's more charming than most directors in this business (except for Belladonna, of course). I'm actually with his management team, the Spread Group, for my mainstream work.
DANVILLE: Who are some of your favorite authors, both erotic and non-erotic?
GREY: I don't have favorites. It depends on how I'm feeling at the moment. *Indestructible Wolves of the Apocalypse Junkyard* by Max G. Morton and *Notes of a Dirty Old Man* by Charles Bukowski. For erotic lit, *Delta of Venus* by Anaïs Nin.
DANVILLE: What drew you to your favorite existentialist philosopher?
GREY: Well, Godard championed Sartre and I'm heavily influenced by Jean-luc, ergo I like Sartre. To simplify, cinema drew me to my favorite existentialist philosopher.
DANVILLE: Fashion photographer Terry Richardson shot your Pet layout in *Penthouse*. Did you like the photos?
GREY: I love the pictures! I have some large prints of that session hanging in my house. I've always been a fan of the mystique Terry creates and I'd already worked with him

twice before, so for me it was a natural choice for my layout. . . . I think the idea was perhaps too much for *Penthouse*. . . .

DANVILLE: What should people make of you? What image do you try to project to fans, in real life and on screen?

GREY: I'm just being myself. I take what I do for real. . . . all the pros and all the cons. . . I strive to project some sense of integrity and sexual empowerment. I want folks to understand that this is a clear, cognitive decision. . . . I am not a victim. I was not sexually abused. I am not on drugs. The acts I perform are always consensual. I am a woman who strongly believes in what she does. It's time that our society comes to grips with the fact that "normal" people (women especially) enjoy perverse sex. I hope to inspire people from all walks of life and to collaborate with innovative individuals (bohemians welcome). Many people mistake this thought and believe that I desire all women to do porn and fuck like rabbits, ignoring all health risks. That is not what I preach or believe. Like any employee, I take risks in my profession. Anyone considering porn as a career should be fully aware of these risks before jumping in. I am ready to take on any opportunities and challenges that face me as a woman, porn star and artist.

previous contents next

Stormy

Their faces grace everything from rock videos and reality TV shows to bobble-head dolls and snowboards. Whether the acceptance of adult entertainment in mainstream media is a step back to the days of "porno chic" or a step forward in America's sexual tolerance, the presence of blue-movie stars in the media is undeniable. Deconstructing this new breed of sex symbol — the porn star — was as good an excuse as any to sit down with Stormy, Wicked Pictures contract girl and star of ***Skin Deep****,* ***Without You*** *and the new sci-fi comedy* ***Space Nuts****. The Louisiana native spoke about good days, bad days, and how men in a strip club helped her pay off an old debt.*

DANVILLE: Some women in the business prefer being called an "adult entertainer." Does it bother you to be called a "porn star"?

STORMY: No, that doesn't offend me, because I *am* a porn star. When I was an exotic dancer, people tried to be politically correct and say "entertainer." I always hated that. Call me a stripper or call me an exotic dancer, but don't call me an "entertainer." That could be anything from a drug dealer to a prostitute.

DANVILLE: What's the difference between being a porn star and being a sex symbol?

STORMY: All porn stars are sex symbols, but not all sex symbols are porn stars. A porn star, obviously, is someone who actually has sex on camera, who you can actually watch. A sex symbol is someone people want to have sex with.

DANVILLE: Would you like to be a classic sex symbol like Marilyn Monroe?

STORMY: Oh, I just want to be Britney Spears. The bitch has everything! [Laughs.] She's very, very beautiful and very talented, and everybody whom I know who has met her says that she's very nice. Basically, she's just so fucking hot! Plus she can sing, and I always wanted to be a rock star when I was growing up. I tried to play guitar, but it was either quit or get evicted!

DANVILLE: Who were your favorite sex symbols when you were growing up? Were you a star-struck kid who had pictures up on her wall?

STORMY: Yes, I was. It's so horribly embarrassing! I was either gonna marry Vince Neil or Patrick Swayze. They were my guys. Vince Neil because he's a rock star — Motley

Crüe is my favorite rock band — and Patrick Swayze because *Dirty Dancing* is one of my favorite movies. They were both my favorite sex symbols when I was growing up.

DANVILLE: Did you get into porn because you wanted to be a sex symbol, or did it just turn out that way?

STORMY: I didn't really think of becoming a sex symbol, I just thought of it as a way to take the next step. I just thought of getting into porn as a way to further my career.

DANVILLE: Were there women whose sex appeal you admired growing up?

STORMY: None I can think of off the top of my head, but there were some people that I had crushes on. When I was really young, I used to pretend I was Tanya Roberts. I always liked her. I'm talking when I was, like, six years old. Really young.

DANVILLE: Did your parents see the pictures in your room and think, "That's so cute"?

STORMY: They never really said anything about it to me. Well, my mother was kind of anti-Motley Crüe. I was in, like, third grade when I got into them. I asked for their *Shout at the Devil* CD for my birthday when I was seven or eight. She saw the pentagram on the cover and came home with something by New Kids on the Block instead!

DANVILLE: I'm sure people used to treat you differently when they found out you were a stripper, but do people treat you differently now when they find out you're a porn star?

STORMY: Being a stripper is more acceptable. With women it's more acceptable because they think, "Well, at least the men don't touch you. At least you're not having sex, you're just dancing naked." Nudity is more accepted now, especially over the last couple of years. More women are going to strip clubs. I've been working in strip clubs for the past several years, and there are far more women in them now than there were six years ago. Stripping doesn't have the stigma it used to have. Porno is a little more accepted than it used to be, but not as accepted as stripping.

DANVILLE: Do people ever give you attitude or say, "You poor girl. We can help you get away from all this"?

STORMY: Some people. Sometimes people do. I don't get comments like that very often. It also depends where I am. Sometimes people are like, "Oh, she's a porn star! That's so cool!" and sometimes people are like, "Oh, she's a porn star, let's see if she'll give me a blowjob." [Laughs.]

I just came back from a trip to Louisiana, my home state. A lot of people came up to me and said, “We’re so proud of you, it’s really awesome.” But I also heard comments like, “Oh, she’s just a whore.” But there is a difference.

DANVILLE: Do you escort?

STORMY: No, I don’t, but I know that a lot of girls do.

DANVILLE: Does that make it hard for you to get respect from people?

STORMY: Yes. But either way, you could argue that it’s having sex for money, and having sex for money is prostitution.

I’m married now, so it would not be cool if I was an escort, but even though I’m not an escort, I have friends who are. One of the main reasons I don’t escort is that I choose the people I work with. I have to have a certain connection. A lot of girls aren’t like that. They’re in the business for the sex. I have to have a little more. One of the jokes is that Stormy has to work with a guy who’ll woo her! “Oooh, tell me how pretty I am! Tell me you love me!” [Laughs.] I’m more of a lover and not a fucker!

One of my biggest problems with escorting is the safety of the girls. Even if I could do it, I still wouldn’t, because I’m really a big scaredy cat. I’m just very paranoid.

DANVILLE: Of diseases?

STORMY: Of being chopped up and stuck in somebody’s freezer! You don’t know what’s going to happen when you open that hotel-room door.

DANVILLE: So some women enter porn for sex and some get into it for the money. What was your reason?

STORMY: I’m kind of a good balance. I think that if you’re into it just for the money and you hate sex, it shows on camera. But I also have a friend, who shall remain nameless, who would probably work for free. She lives for the sex. I’m right in the middle.

There are some days I go to work and I have great orgasms and the guy is so hot and the girls are so fine that I have great sex. There are other days when I go to work and I’m just getting my period and I have cramps and I don’t feel pretty and I don’t want to do that position. On days like that it’s a job.

DANVILLE: So it’s not always easy being a sex symbol?

STORMY: No, it’s not. But everybody has bad days. I have scenes that I wish I hadn’t done, for whatever reason. But if I didn’t like my job I wouldn’t do it. I’m not going to sit

here and say, “Ohmygod, I love it! I could do this every day,” because that’s not always the case. The other day I was on set and the guy couldn’t come and I thought, “God, how much longer can this scene go on?”

DANVILLE: When you dance on the road, feature attractions obviously get treated differently that the house girls.

STORMY: Because you’re hyped up, yeah. I danced at a club for five years as a house girl. I was one of the more popular girls there, because I’d been there for so long and worked so often. I went back there last week dancing as a feature. There were guys who I saw who were in the club every night for five years when I worked there, but I never danced for them. They never tipped me onstage. I wasn’t the kind of girl that they liked. Suddenly I’m a feature, and they’re buying Polaroids and autographs. But it’s all cool. It’s smoke and mirrors. I’m still the same girl I was before.

DANVILLE: You’re a sex symbol now! I’m sure you were just as beautiful in high school as you are now—

STORMY: Nobody looked at me in high school. I couldn’t even get a date to the prom. That was the big joke. Then last week I looked into the audience and half the guys I went to high school with were there. I was like, “Yeah, I’m on the cover of this magazine. Give me your money! You need to pay me back for that guy I had to pay to take me to the prom!” [Laughs.]

DANVILLE: You did not!

STORMY: I did! Cost me $200.

DANVILLE: Did that have anything to do with you getting into porn?

STORMY: Not porn, because by the time I got into porn I was okay with myself, but it definitely had something to do with me getting into stripping. Well, I kind of fell into it. I met a girl a year older than me, and she had a purple Camaro. A purple Camaro in Louisiana is like a Porsche is in L.A.! I said, “Where did you get that? Did your dad get you that for graduation?” and she said, “No, I’m a dancer.” I said, “What, a ballet dancer?” and she said, [whispers] “I’m a stripper! You should come and see me.”

I was driving by three weeks later in a car with three guys, and I said, “I know someone who works there.” It was, like, U-turn! We went in, and the people there said, “You’re cute. Do you want to try out for amateur night?” Two shots later I was in a pair of

stilettos onstage, and I made $80 in tips. I went out there, and guys were clapping and cheering. Earlier that day the guys were barking at me.

DANVILLE: What do you want to get out of this career? Establishing yourself as a brand name with your own line of products?

STORMY: I didn't really set out for that, but I want to do it and I want to make a lot of money. This is what I've chosen as my career, and I want to do it well and I want to do it fast. I want to be able to say, "I did it, and I can hold my head up. I never did anything that I didn't want to do." I want to make my money and put it away, so at 35, when nobody knows who I am, I don't have to work at a Wal-Mart!

previous contents next

Stormy Daniels, If You Please

The first thing you notice when you speak with Stormy Daniels isn't her honey-blonde hair, her blue eyes, or even her 36DD breasts (although all those things are difficult to miss). The first thing you notice when you speak with Stormy Daniels is her determination. She has a drive lacking in many people, regardless of what they do for a living. Such drive is especially lacking in the adult entertainment business, which is perceived — sometimes rightfully, sometimes not — as being filled with people looking to make a quick buck.

That determination has made Stormy one of the most recognizable names in porn, attaining heights in the business others can only imagine. Signed exclusively with Wicked Pictures since 2003, she's served the company as on-screen talent and stepped behind the cameras to direct eight features, which she also wrote. Her work has not only earned her a growing legion of fans, she's also walked away with several *Adult Video News* Awards, including 2004 Starlet of the Year; Best Screenplay (Video) for *Camp Cuddly Pines Powertool Massacre*; and this January she was also named Contract Star of the Year.

She's found herself in the mainstream spotlight as well, with well-publicized guest roles on Comedy Central's *Mind of Mencia* and the FX drama *Dirt* — replacing a Vivid girl who had already been chosen for the role — and appearances in the hit films *The 40 Year Old Virgin*, *Blades of Glory*, and *Knocked Up*. She's given telejournalist Martin Bashir an insider's look at porn on *Nightline*. A quick glance at the photos on her MySpace page even shows her making the scene with the likes of James Gandolfini of *The Sopranos*, *Entourage*'s Kevin Connolly, and magician Criss Angel.

When she isn't hanging with the A-crowd, she can often be seen at celebrity charity events, although her adult career can be frustrating when it comes to her own philanthropy. Where she once admitted an affection for Britney Spears as role model ("The bitch has everything!" she told *Penthouse Forum* in 2004), Stormy now has a more mature focus. "Mariska Hargitay is so underrated it's ridiculous," she says. "She's beautiful and she's a very talented actress, but the most amazing thing about her is that she's used her character and her celebrity to do something good. So many real-life rape

victims came up to her on the street and said that her character helped them that she founded her own rape crisis group.

"I'd like to use my celebrity and my financial success to help people. It amazes me how many charities and organizations won't take money [from people in porn]. If you're a five-year-old child and you're dying of a brain tumor, do you really care who gave you the money? Does it really fucking matter? It shouldn't. Companies like Wicked Pictures have donated huge sums of money to different charities just to have it returned. I'm sure it's not the victim saying, 'No thank you, I don't want your money.' It's some corporation making that decision for them. It's just not right."

It was at one such event that Stormy met a certain ambitious, high-powered billionaire with a taste for the limelight himself. "Donald Trump is awesome. He's such a character," she laughs. "I met him at a charity golf tournament in Lake Tahoe. I was just fascinated by how he's become what he is. He's a marketing genius and obviously a very professional businessman. I find all of those things very intriguing. He's very nice and intelligent and fun to talk to. He said to me, 'I hope I'm not offending you, but I have so many questions.' I told him, 'I don't think it's possible to offend me, but give it a shot!' And you know what? None of his questions were run-of-the-mill, like, 'What's it like on the set of a porn film?' or 'What's Ron Jeremy like?' He was strictly interested in the numbers and the business. I respect that."

Respect is something that's been lacking during periods of Stormy's life. "I was the ugly duckling," she says about her childhood in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. "I kept to myself. I got picked on because we didn't have money. The politically correct way to put it is that I was lower class. We were definitely below middle class. I've always been tall, so my pants were always too short. I was editor of my high school paper and I was in the 4-H club. I was as dork as dork could get. It was painful. The big, thick, ugly glasses, the buck teeth. The whole nine yards.

"Baton Rouge is a capital city, but it's small. Everybody knows everybody. I grew up in a neighborhood where there weren't any other girls. I had to entertain myself because my mom had to work after my parents divorced. I spent my time growing up writing short stories and poetry and reenacting them with my stuffed animals. I think I was destined to be a director!"

She took the reins of her life, so to speak, at an early age. “I got a horse when I was 11,” Stormy recalls. “My mom couldn’t afford to let me have one, so I actually bought it behind her back. It took three months for me to tell her I owned it. I cleaned stalls to pay for my horse’s upkeep. I’d take a different bus home from school and walk two miles to the stable. That was pretty much my life from that day forward. I used to ride three-day eventing, which is dressage, cross-country, and show jumping. I have two garbage bags full of ribbons in my garage.”

Horses remain her passion, although for now they’re a luxury she can’t afford. “At the moment, I don’t have any horses. Most girls like to go shopping and spend money. I like to go horseback riding, which is probably the most expensive habit you could have. They require so much time and energy that with my travel schedule right now I can’t afford to have a show horse. I had three but it was too much. I was down to one, and I just sold him. I’m saving up for a big one.”

The role travel plays in Stormy’s life led to her current fortunes. “I decided to move to Los Angeles when I was 23. I’d already been on the road for two years feature dancing. Home base was still Baton Rouge, but I was only there eight weeks out of the year. I lived in my truck and in my trailer for almost two years. I danced 42 weeks the first year and 44 weeks the second. But it was cool, because I really learned how to be independent and I learned how to travel. I learned how to change a tire, how to drive in the snow, how to back up a trailer. I wouldn’t trade any of it.”

An event at the Penthouse Club in New Orleans — the Seventh Annual Golden G-String Awards stripper competition — brought Stormy home, in more ways than one. “I was apprehensive about going back,” she says of her return to the Big Easy after Hurricane Katrina. “It was really sad. I was down in the French Quarter and I was really relieved to see that it was undamaged. Those are some of the oldest buildings in America and I just couldn’t imagine they’d have lasted. But the lower part of the city is still just devastated. A lot of the damage had been cleaned up, but everyone still had a FEMA trailer in their yard with family in it. It’s sad.”

The event itself turned out to be a winner for Stormy, who walked away with three prizes: G-String Universe, G-String Gold Overall, and G-String Magazine Division. That’s not surprising, considering the time and effort Stormy puts into her shows. “When

you're at a club and you've got 100 girls trying to be sexy and you come out and do something cute, it really sticks in the guys' heads," she says. "My favorite show is my Girl Scout show. It's a really funny routine, and I do funny really well. I'm a Girl Scout and I build a little campfire on stage. My roadie comes out dressed like Smokey the Bear and pees on my campfire! It's really cute. I finish up giving out milk and Girl Scout cookies, and the guys eat them off me."

These days Stormy is busy with more than just a dance schedule. She's serving up projects like the film *Operation: Desert Stormy*, an ultra high-budget spoof of spy films with Ron Jeremy as Saddam Hussein; an ongoing series of pay-per-view specials; and a line of adult novelty greeting cards. And you can be sure that like most things this sexy, smart and savvy Penthouse Pet becomes involved in, the guys will eat them up.

previous **contents** **next**

Jamie Kennedy: "The Joke's On You"

Jamie Kennedy Gets the Last Laugh on Hecklers

*He's made people laugh in films like **Malibu's Most Wanted**. He's tested people's nerves with his hidden camera show **The Jamie Kennedy Experiment**. Now he's back with **Heckler**, a documentary about critics, online character assassins, and people who just won't shut the fuck up.*

DANVILLE: How did the idea for *Heckler* come up?
KENNEDY: I was doing standup on the road, and I started filming it because I was putting together a comedy special and wanted to get my best stuff, and sometimes the audience would blurt out something. Some drunk party would say something, and we'd have these little interactions, and they'd be really kind of funny and bizarre. As I started getting more of them and started stringing them together, I thought, This is pretty funny. I started thinking, *What do other comedians do [when they're being heckled]?* I started talking to them, and they told me what they did and showed me their footage. Then I started getting into the mind of hecklers and interviewing them, and it just grew from there. Then I started reading my reviews, the worst reviews I've ever gotten, and I started thinking, *This is another form of heckling*. At the time, blogs were really starting to blow up, so the whole thing just progressed.
DANVILLE: Isn't getting heckled part of the risk of stepping onstage, or does that give hecklers too much leeway?
KENNEDY: It's definitely part of getting onstage. You've got to deal with it. It's the exact same thing as if you're working construction on tall buildings and you slip off a girder. It comes with the territory, and it should.
DANVILLE: Have you always read your reviews? A lot of performers don't read them because they don't want their feelings hurt or their creative head ruined by some stupid shit a critic has said.
KENNEDY: That was my initiation into it. I started reading my reviews, and they started going into not just how bad a movie was or how it didn't work, they started really going

after me, saying I'm not talented, I'm a piece of shit, I'm a horrible person, and I should be fucking castrated. I was like, Whoa. It's bad enough when you work for nine months on a project and you agonize and you really want to make it good, but sometimes your vision is not what [the finished project] is. Because I'm only an actor on certain projects, just a gun for hire, I can only have so much input at the end of the day.

I went into *Son of the Mask* with a really different vision. It was a very risky idea, and at the last quarter of the race, the studio decided to change the whole thing. It didn't become the movie we wanted, and I was the punching bag for it. It was like, Whoa. Now I understand it. This process was the best therapy ever, because I understand who's saying it and whose opinion to trust and whose opinion not to trust.

A critic's job, like Bill Maher says, is to inform, to say whether I liked it or I didn't like it. It's not a critic's job to say this person's career is garbage. I've learned that some critics are informative and will criticize a movie and say, "Yes, I liked it," or "No, I didn't like it." Other critics are just there for entertainment value.

If you ever read my *New York Times* reviews, they're not really that bad, because they don't put *Malibu's Most Wanted* against *There Will Be Blood*. They understand that they're two different movies, and they categorize them, because they're intelligent. They're cinephiles. It's the smaller guys who are like, "Jamie Kennedy has fucking Hepatitis C."

At the end of the day, you consider the source. Some critics are nerdy guys, other critics are fanboys. A lot of them say, "Look, I'm trying to get people to read my stuff, just like you're trying to get people to see your movie." There was really no hate from any of them. There was one guy in the movie who really stuck to his guns, but other than that. . .

DANVILLE: Peter Grumbine? He was wild, man. I couldn't believe it. When you confronted the long-haired critic about stuff, he backed down and said, "Well, uh, you know, it's just my opinion," but Peter Grumbine was not letting up.

KENNEDY: The long-haired guy was Josh. He's like a little bear. I could eat him up. He doesn't know any better. He really thinks World of Warcraft is our mission to Mars. He doesn't understand a lot of what I'm doing when I'm onstage. He only lives a certain life. But Peter is a comedian — or claims he's a comedian. He was trying to stick to that.

The thing about him is he's not bullet-proof. He does funny videos reviewing albums. He reviewed Jessica Simpson's album, and he was really lacerating. I'm like, "Jeez, *that's* a really hard target. Good going, Peter." Getting Jessica for her music! He's the only guy who I actually definitely wanted to stab. Other than that, I don't hate him, because he helped make the movie great. He served his purpose. I let him step all over me, and it made him look like a monster.

DANVILLE: There was almost an Andy Kaufman quality to him. I thought it was some weird performance art, and he was doing it by pissing all over you.

KENNEDY: It's so interesting. Part of it is the public persona. My friend Craig Mazin wrote *Superhero Movie*, he wrote two of the *Scary Movie* films, he wrote *Rocket Man*. He writes really broad, goofy comedies, but he graduated number one in his class at Princeton. He's like, "I made a choice in my life. I'm making these goofy comedies." It's so funny that people judge someone by a movie they write. Some people really think I live in Malibu. I'm like, "Do people really think Tobey Maguire can shoot webs through his wrists?" Here's something else I learned, and tell me if I'm wrong. I think there are different levels of fame. You come out and people are like, "Who's this guy?" For the first four or five movies, no one knew anything about me. Eventually, it's "Oh, well, him. He's not bad." It's like, if you can go through the fire all the way, then people will leave you alone because they like a survivor.

DANVILLE: Have you ever heckled anyone?

KENNEDY: I heckled one person one time, and it was my opener. I hadn't been onstage in a year, and my first gig back was at SMU in Texas. He gets onstage and says, "Who here's gonna vote for John Kerry?" And they were all like, "Boo! Boo!" It was in the heart of Texas. He says, "Fuck you guys, Bush is an idiot." They just started booing him and he says to them, "I'm Jewish! I bet you hate me, too." [Laughs.] It was awful. As soon as I got on, I started making fun of him. I started bigging up Bush to win them back. I had to eat my own to survive.

DANVILLE: What's the best way to shut a heckler up? Or do you want to shut a heckler up? Is there such a thing as a good heckler?

KENNEDY: Yeah. You want to keep a good heckler. If it's somebody who doesn't agree with what you're saying onstage — "That's wrong! And here's why!" — and they actually

have a point of view and they want to start talking back and forth, it's great. You can just bury them. It's all about getting information from that person and then using it against them. Anyone can say a stock line to shut a heckler up, but it's not as exciting as using personal information.

DANVILLE: Is there some sort of lesson that someone who watches *Heckler* can take away and apply in their own personal life? [Laughs.]

KENNEDY: My whole thing is that everybody's a critic, and I kind of say, "Criticize the piece, not the person." I'm not Gandhi. I'm critical. I'm judgmental. But I don't go on a website with 90,000 hits and go, "This person . . . whatever." But I'm in the spotlight. I have a great life. I'm blessed, and I'm going to do some things people like and some things they won't. Someone told me the other day, "People pay to see a movie, and if they don't like it, they're allowed to comment." But, you know, if you don't like my stuff, don't kill me. Some of these guys would like to see you never work again.

DANVILLE: People like Ann Coulter and Michelle Malkin and Rush Limbaugh will get criticized for what they say. Personally I think they say stupid shit. They don't do anything to advance the discourse at all, except to make their own fan base feel better about themselves and what they think. But then some people don't want Ann Coulter to work again, which I think is fucked up.

KENNEDY: She's so committed to what she says in a way, but she knows what she's doing. She's pushing buttons. She's doing her own Jamie Kennedy Experiment. She may not believe anything she says. She might just believe in the almighty dollar.

DANVILLE: Speaking of *The Jamie Kennedy Experiment*, how did you get the critics you confront to appear in the movie?

KENNEDY: We led them to water and they drank it. At the end of the day, everybody wants to be famous. I knew that we could get this because I pulled some crazy shit on *The Jamie Kennedy Experiment*, and people would just sign [the releases] no matter what. They just want to be cool.

DANVILLE: Speaking of crazy shit, try reviewing porn sometime!

KENNEDY: You know what's funny? I just finished a movie called *Finding Bliss* with Denise Richards and Leelee Sobieski. It's a comedy set in the world of porn. We had to go to the *Adult Video News* Awards. It was insane. The girls were going onstage and

saying, “I want to thank everyone who came on my ass. Without your jizz, there’d be no me.” Ron Jeremy is in *Finding Bliss*, and I did a good scene with Stormy Daniels, who’s really a funny actress. I find some porn actors better than regular actors, because they have nothing to hide. As an actor, you want to be completely open. I met Evan Stone, who’s got a really big cock, and I said, “Dude, you’ve got a great cock.” Then I said, “You’re one of the funniest guys in the business. If I wasn’t in Hollywood, maybe I could do what you do!” He goes, “All I wanted to do was eat pussy. I just happened to be filmed.” That was his goal. [Laughs.] I’ve been following Belladonna for years.

DANVILLE: She’s great.

KENNEDY: Yeah, she is! [Laughs.] I spoke to her one time and she was like, “Jamie, it’s so nice to meet you. I saw you at Equinox. I’m always so nervous to talk to you.” Porn girls are so nice and polite when you meet them, and then when they’re on camera, they do their thing. They’re like the best actresses. They have no attitude. It’s really quite interesting.

I had this conversation with someone the other day about how everything that’s supposed to be dirty in our society is actually the cleanest shit. Yesterday was the first day of gay marriages in California, and somebody wrote on a chatroom comment board, “Next thing you know, they’re gonna let men marry goats.” I was like, “Really? That’s where we’re going?” It’s like, have you ever met a dirty gay guy? Gay guys are the cleanest people on the planet. I mean, porn stars are like, “I washed my coochie. I washed my anus.” It’s the regular people on the street who I’m worried about!

previous contents next

Malcolm McDowell

It's hard to imagine a more strained relationship between an actor and his film than that between Malcolm McDowell and ***Caligula****. The multi-million dollar project, Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione's first in a planned trilogy chronicling the world's greatest despots, sparked controversy from the very beginning. Gore Vidal left the film and had his name removed from the original title,* ***Gore Vidal's Caligula****, after arguments about rewrites to his script. Director Tinto Brass was fired by producer Guccione for running over-budget and not casting enough Pets. Guccione and Giancarlo Lui later inserted six minutes of hardcore sex footage, further angering cast and crew.*
After almost three decades the film's star ***Malcolm McDowell*** *speaks about his relationship with Bob Guccione, the controversy surrounding the film's creation, and his role in the most notorious motion picture ever made.*

DANVILLE: Considering your history with *Caligula*, why did you contribute an audio commentary track for the remastered version?
MCDOWELL: Because *Penthouse* no longer has its original owner, who was the one I thought betrayed us all. And I was told that Helen Mirren had done one and I thought, *Well, if I don't do one, it would be rather churlish!* I also felt that I had a few good points to make, and some rather amusing ones, too.
DANVILLE: Years ago you gave an interview in which you credited the film's popularity to the porn and not your performance. Having watched *Caligula* again recently, do you think that it was a good film, and what do you think of your performance now?
MCDOWELL: I'm proud of the work I did in *Caligula*, there's no question about that. But there's all the raunchy stuff — the blatant, modern-day porn that Bob Guccione introduced into the film after we'd finished shooting. There was already plenty of stuff going on in the film without that. *Caligula* is a fairly serious look at that period of time, and actually a very accurate one, according to a lot of people who know more about the topic than I do. I just think that enough is enough. But of course, that's my opinion. I'm not quite sure whether people saw *Caligula* just for the porn. I think it titillated a lot of

people, but I think a lot of people enjoyed the movie for the movie. So I think I'd revise that statement now, and say it's probably equal amounts performance and porn.

DANVILLE: Did you think there was too much sex and nudity in the film to begin with, even when compared to other films of the time?

MCDOWELL: If you're going to show an accurate depiction of Caligula's Rome, then honestly the nudity and the sexuality didn't really bother me at all. That's all a part of it. That's what it was like, and that's what it is. It may be a little crazy to have a whole naked army and all that stuff, but I think the film makes its points that the man was trying to destroy the Empire from the very top. That's a pure anarchist, if you like.

DANVILLE: You've also said that you took the role because of Gore Vidal's script. Whose involvement with the film did you hear about first, Gore Vidal's or Bob Guccione's?

MCDOWELL: I only did the film because of Gore Vidal. I didn't even know who was backing it until he told me it was Bob Guccione. I said, "Isn't he a pornographer?" Gore said, "Malcolm, just think of him as one of the Warner brothers. He just signs the checks." [Laughs.] Well, of course *that* was not true.

DANVILLE: What was your opinion of Bob after meetings and discussions with him?

MCDOWELL: To be honest, I wasn't very impressed. I thought that he was a very ungracious individual. I found myself saying to him at one point, "Look Bob, I'm very happy to do this part, but let's just get it clear that you don't own me. You own my services as an actor for ten weeks, and I'll give you 110 percent for those ten weeks, but I'm not part of this retinue of people. You'll have to excuse me if I don't join in with all the shenanigans that's going on."

DANVILLE: What kind of shenanigans were going on?

MCDOWELL: Well, the word "entourage" springs to mind. You know, this entourage, it's all absolute crap, you know? [Laughs.] I suppose that Bob was sort of an insecure person, and rather a tragic figure.

DANVILLE: He was certainly on the top of his game back then, though. *Penthouse* was selling millions of copies a month.

MCDOWELL: But the thing was, I suppose, that he didn't change with the times. It was just the same old stuff. There were all these gynecological shots in the magazine and people got fed up with that after a while.

DANVILLE: That's true. Times change. It's not going to be the '70s forever.

MCDOWELL: Exactly. I mean, I'm not an expert in the magazine business, but I know that Bob had rather a good magazine called *Omni* that was his attempt to be a serious magazine proprietor. That was a good magazine. I think that was mostly his son who ran that, at the time, and I believe his wife Kathy (Keeton), too. She was incredible. She was very nice, actually. I liked her. She seemed to have a bit more class than Bob. But frankly, it's all water under the bridge. I only wish Bob Guccione well, and I'm sorry to hear that he's not been healthy. One can only say I hope he gets better and I hope he enjoys the rest of his life. I honestly do. I can honestly say that. End of story.

DANVILLE: How soon into the production did Gore Vidal get upset with the rewrites, and when did problems with Tinto Brass begin?

MCDOWELL: I'm not sure when exactly, but I think Gore went fairly early on. But we had to actually get the thing made, and some of the scenes that Gore had written just weren't possible to do. They were just not filmic. I can't even give you an example now after all this time, because honestly nothing really stayed with me that he wrote. But I thought it was a good rendition. It's basically Gore's script, but there were just certain things that we had to change. I think the political viewpoint changed when they took on Tinto Brass [as director]. It suddenly became about anarchists and destroying the establishment. Every scene was about that, basically.

But Bob was the one who chose the director, and when you choose a director, the choice is made. The die is cast. And I'm the star of the movie, my responsibility and my whole heart goes to that director, because I have to work with him every day. We have to be on the same page if I'm going to do the performance and all the rest of it. So I basically had to swing all my energies behind Tinto Brass. Tinto had some peculiar ideas, but he also had a great edge to him.

I always say that there's a great film somewhere in *Caligula*, it just didn't quite get out. It's rather sad that that happened, because everybody put a lot of time and a lot of hard work into it. I think Bob taking the movie away from Tinto and re-editing it was

because Tinto's cut probably wasn't very good. I don't know, because I don't think I saw it. According to Bob, it was terrible, but who's to know?

You have to be very experienced in the film business to be able to watch the first cut of a movie professionally and know what it is you're looking at. It's not the finished movie. There's no music on it, there's no this, that, and the other. Unless you're experienced it's very difficult to really know what you're looking at. *Caligula* was Bob's first film. They were all amateurs.

DANVILLE: In saying the script was "not filmic," do you mean in the way that the Anthony Burgess script for *A Clockwork Orange* was not filmic? Because it was written by a novelist and not a screenwriter?

MCDOWELL: Possibly that. I can't give you any specific examples. I can't remember, to be honest. But when I read Gore Vidal's script initially, I thought, "Wow, this is potentially an extraordinary piece. It's very exciting!" I thought there would be rewrites, as there normally are, but there weren't. This was set in stone! [Laughs.] No script for *any* movie that I've *ever* worked on has been set in stone. Certainly the great movies are the ones that you discover as you go. You find stuff as you're going along, and if something better works, you go with it. That's the way *A Clockwork Orange* was shot.

DANVILLE: Were you surprised by the negative reaction *Caligula* got from film critics?

MCDOWELL: No. By that time, of course, I would have nothing to do with *Caligula* because that was the first time I'd ever had anyone do reshoots on a movie I'd been connected with, much less insert stuff that was not in the script to begin with. That, to me, was an absolutely outrageous betrayal. And quite unprecedented. Frankly, it just showed that Bob Guccione had no class whatsoever, that he was completely ruthless [and] that he'd do anything to get whatever he wanted, regardless of the artists he had hired to make the movie. He had no trust and did it himself, and I'm sure he thought at the end of the day that he was right. But personally, I think he was absolutely wrong, and I think it destroyed a really good work.

DANVILLE: Was Bob actually like one of the Warner brothers in that he thought since he was writing the checks he knew what was best for the movie?

MCDOWELL: Let's face it, the Warner brothers had experience in making movies. They had a feeling for it and a nose for what people liked, just like all those great guys. Sam

Goldwyn of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Harry Cohn of Columbia had an instinct about what people would go for, what people would love. I really don't think Bob Guccione had a clue, frankly, except to add more porn and make the women prettier. Send over a few Penthouse Pets! I mean, there weren't synthetic-looking women in Rome. [Laughs.] They were these sort of rather plain, ugly, kind of looking women, who had character faces and were like Fellini-esque. That's what Tinto Brass wanted. Real, not plastic. The Pets got lost in there somehow, until of course, Bob decided to inject the pornography.

DANVILLE: Which is what he really did know.

MCDOWELL: I'm sure he knew he was going to do that way before going in. He probably thought, "Yeah, we'll sucker these idiots."

DANVILLE: Part of the controversy about *Caligula* was the perception that it was essentially an extremely violent, 17-million dollar, glorified porno movie. You're in a unique position as an actor, because you bracketed the '70s with two of the most controversial films released, the other being *A Clockwork Orange*. By the end of the '70s, when the controversy surrounding *Caligula* was at its peak, was there a difference in people's perception between *Caligula* and *A Clockwork Orange*?

MCDOWELL: Well, you can't even mention those two in the same breath. [Laughs.] One is a great work of art, and the other is a piece of rubbish, basically. That would be an insult to everybody connected with *A Clockwork Orange*. The real joke is, I think, that in 1979 I was in one of the ten worst films and one of the ten best films of the year: *Caligula* being the worst, and *Time After Time* being the best. That rather amused me. The thing is, I'm proud of my work in *Caligula*. I am. I've always been an actor who takes the odd risk. You've only got to look at the roles I've played [to see] I'm not a "comfortable" actor who takes roles that are within his range and is rather middle of the road. It's always extreme, somewhat. I like to kind of push the envelope, if I can. Occasionally I like to get out there and walk a plank.

But do I regret doing *Caligula*? At the end of the day, probably not. Because honestly, I had some fun shooting it. I lived in Rome for almost a year. How bad can that be? I made some great friends during the filming. I was very happy that Helen came on it. I got her on that, and I was very happy she did it with me. So I had a friend there. I liked Tinto very much. He was a sweet man. For all his gruff exterior, he was quite

sensitive. And there were some good actors on it. Peter O'Toole, of course, and I got to work with John Gielgud, who is my idol. I loved him, and he stayed with me. So you know, honestly, in the great, grand scheme of things, I'm not disappointed that I did it.

DANVILLE: You're currently starring in Rob Zombie's remake of *Halloween*, which recently opened as the number one film in the country. Might the reaction to *Caligula* have been different if it had just been an extremely violent film and there had been little if any sexual content, over and above the hardcore?

MCDOWELL: I don't know. It's such an imponderable, that. I mean, Caligula is quite violent, with cutting heads off and all that, but of course it's really nothing when you compare it to *Halloween*, is it? Let's face it. [Laughs.] But of course *Halloween* is a genre movie. You expect that to be violent. I don't quite know whether you expect it to be quite so real, but that's another thing altogether. That's what horror films do. They're supposed to scare the audience, give them a rollercoaster ride, make them scream a bit. And that's okay. You're given a blank check in a sense for that, because it's an accepted norm.

DANVILLE: There's been a trend over the past few years, with movies like *Saw* and *Hostel*, towards what the media calls "torture porn." Is the sexualization of violence in motion pictures a strictly American obsession, or does it play out around the world?

MCDOWELL: They're popular all over the world, aren't they? The original *Halloween* is one of the most popular movies in that genre. It's a classic. I've never seen it, but it's a classic. I'm a great fan of its director, John Carpenter. In fact, I was a great fan of Donald Pleasence too, who played my part originally. I couldn't see the original because I didn't want to see Donald do it. He's such a great actor that I didn't want to have his voice in my head the whole time. I wanted to recreate it. Now, a lot of people don't like it. I'm sure they hate me, but that's just too bad. You have to do what you have to do. You can't just be a carbon copy. You have to give it a new voice. Otherwise you may as well make *Halloween 9*. I have to say, Rob Zombie is a very intelligent guy. Rob's a very substantial filmmaker. He's not a schlock filmmaker. He's very, very intelligent, very bright. He has his own voice. It's violent, it's quick-cut. It's like a rock-and-roll concert, which is as it should be, coming from him.

DANVILLE: I'm sure that Rob knew what he wanted his version of *Halloween* to be.

MCDOWELL: Oh yeah. Rob knew exactly what he wanted. We all had stuff cut from the film and all that, but that's fine. That's the way it is. Look, people don't go to *Halloween* to see a performance! [Laughs.] Let's be honest. They go to get scared. You have to be believable, but you're not doing *Hamlet*, let's face it. [Laughs.] Let's not get too precious about it. It makes me laugh when I read some of the reviews of *Halloween* that were really bad. I just guffaw, because it's all nonsense. You can't take this too seriously.

DANVILLE: Considering the cast of *Caligula*, maybe some people did think they would be seeing Hamlet.

MCDOWELL: I don't know what they thought! Maybe they simply thought that *Caligula* would be a very interesting, historical film. Which, by the way, it is. At least according to the people who really do know. I've worked with Colin Firth, who is familiar with Suetonius, the primary historian of that time. At one point Colin came up to me and said, "Malcolm, I have to tell you, *Caligula* is one of the great historical movies about that period. You have no idea how accurate that film is!" I couldn't believe it. And he said, "Absolutely. *Caligula* is one of the most amazing movies made about that period."

DANVILLE: One final question: Did you ever worry, during or after production, that *Caligula* would tarnish your legacy as an actor? And did it ultimately hurt or help you?

MCDOWELL: You know what? You do what you do. I'm an actor. I'm not writing this stuff. I'm interpreting a script that was originated by Gore Vidal. I mean, how bad could it be? Honestly, it probably didn't do my career any good, that's for sure, but you know what? That's tough. I don't regret it, because it was an extraordinary thing to do. It was a really good chapter in the autobiography of Malcolm McDowell. Shit, not many people get to be around John Gielgud running up and down, wondering whether those young boys were pubescent or shaved! [Laughs.] The whole thing was just one wild ride.

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